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LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS TO BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

EDITED BY CHARLES C. OSBORNE.

FOREWORD.

ON the 17th of May, 1922, a box containing upwards of six hundred letters from Charles Dickens to Miss Burdett-Coutts, afterwards the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, was sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, of New Bond Street, London. The collection as a whole was purchased by Mr. O. R. Barrett, of the United States.

With the exception of two brief quotations, none of these letters has yet been published; but during the lifetime of Lady Burdett-Coutts extracts from some of them, by her special permission, had been made by the present writer, who was her private secretary from 1887 to 1898, and who was entrusted with the publication of a brief sketch of her public life and work, prepared for the Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Exposition, by command of Her Royal Highness Princess Mary Adelaide Duchess of Teck, and issued by A. C. Maclurg in Chicago, 1893.

The following selection made from these extracts, is published by the kind permission of Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., Common Serjeant to the City of London.

I.

FOR more than thirty years an intimate friendship existed between Charles Dickens and Miss Angela Burdett-Coutts, afterwards the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. When the friendship began is not known, but it was probably not later than 1835. The first meeting evidently took place at the house of Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, one of the partners in the Banking House of Messrs. Coutts; for in a letter to Miss Burdett-Coutts from Gadshill Place, dated September 5, 1857, Dickens writes:

'Sometimes of late, when I have been very excited by the crying of two thousand people over the grave of Richard Wardour,¹ new ideas for a story have come into my head as I lay on the ground, with surprising force and brilliance. Last night, being quiet here, I noted them down in a little book I keep. When I went into

¹ A character in *The Frozen Deep*, a play by Wilkie Collins.

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the dining-room and mentioned what I had done, they all called out "Friday!" I was born on a Friday, and it is a most astonishing coincidence that I have never in my life, whatever projects I may have determined on otherwise, never begun a book, or, begun anything of interest to me, or done anything of importance to me, but it was on a Friday. I am certain to be brought round to Friday. It must have been on a Friday that I first dined with you at Mr. Marjoribanks.'

Readers of Forster's *Life of Dickens* may recall the statement that, 'Having been away from town when *Pickwick's* first number came out, he made it a superstition to be absent at many future similar times': the purchase of the Gadshill property was completed on a Friday. The phrase, 'I am certain to be brought round to Friday' probably referred to the dates of Readings he was to deliver.

During this long period Dickens wrote a very large number of letters to Miss Burdett-Coutts, and up to 1855 aided and advised her in many ways. He was never formally Miss Burdett-Coutts's secretary, but he discharged many of the more confidential and important duties of a private secretary, investigated the appeals of many a begging letter, acted as her almoner, while he often brought under her notice distressing cases which she never failed to relieve. When he found that these many duties made too great a demand upon his time, he was asked by Miss Burdett-Coutts to recommend her a secretary. In reply, in a letter written from 49 Avenue des Champs Elysées, dated Friday, November 16, 1855, he said:

'I am not without hope that I can recommend a very eligible and trustworthy person for your consideration. (I assume for the present that you want done what I cannot do; but I shall ask you when I return home to consider whether a daily messenger with a Dispatch Box could not put me in possession of all such business, and whether I could not, with some small additional remuneration to one of my trustworthy people at the office, do all you want. Of course I should do it in a confidence and with an interest that can hardly be bought to so full an extent, and your friendship will concede to me the right of entreating from my heart to claim a sort of privilege herein. Do not, I beg you, make any such prolonged arrangement for the future as would place it out of your power to discuss this with me. I particularly ask that favor.)

'I have written to Mr. Wills, and told him generally that you

will probably write a note to him, asking him to call at a certain time, with a view to helping you to a temporary Secretary. I have mentioned to him two people of different capacities and qualities of whom he will speak to you. But I have also said to him, as from myself, that I would recommend him also, to suggest *himself*. It is impossible to find a more zealous, honourable, or reliable man. What you would want done would be perfectly compatible with his daily pursuits, and easily discharged along with them. Finally, you need not have (for he is perfectly sensible and manly) the least reluctance to propose it to him as an engagement for a certain remuneration—whatever you may have thought of.’

The Mr. Wills referred to was Mr. William Henry Wills. He was a man of considerable literary ability; one of the original staff of *Punch*; a sub-editor of the *Daily News* under Dickens; he then became Dickens’s secretary, and afterwards the assistant editor of *Household Words* and of *All the Year Round*. An excellent man of business, Mr. Wills was able to render many valuable services to Miss Burdett-Coutts. Among these one of the most important was an enquiry he conducted in 1862 into the terrible poverty existing in the south-west corner of Ireland. As a result of the report he made to Miss Burdett-Coutts relief was given, parties of emigrants were sent to Canada, and gradually a fishing industry was organised. Unfortunately he met with an accident in the hunting field in 1868, and had to retire from active work. He remained, however, as also did Mrs. Wills, who was the youngest sister of William and Robert Chambers, the Edinburgh publishers, personal friends of Miss Burdett-Coutts, during the remainder of their lives. Mr. Wills died in 1880, and Mrs. Wills in 1892.

Not the least famous character in *Barnaby Rudge* was Dickens’s first raven. Everyone will remember the inimitable letter to Maclise, ‘under an enormous black seal,’ in which Dickens described the raven’s death. The following extracts refer to the same event, and to the second raven sent to Dickens by friends in Yorkshire.

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,

‘Tuesday, April the Twentieth, 1841.

‘The raven’s body was removed with every regard for my feelings, in a covered basket. It was taken off to be stuffed, but has not come home yet. He has left a considerable property (chiefly in cheese and half pence) buried in different parts of the garden; and the new raven—for I have a successor—administers to the effects. He had buried in one place a brush (which I have

made two efforts to write plainly), a very large hammer, and several raw potatoes, which were discovered yesterday. He was very uneasy just before death, and wandering in his mind talked amazing nonsense. My servant thinks the hammer troubled him. It is supposed to have been stolen from a carpenter of vindictive disposition—he was heard to threaten—and I am not without suspicions of poison.'

'27th October, 1841.

'... Some friends in Yorkshire have sent me a raven, before whom *the* raven (the dead one) sinks into insignificance. He can say anything—and he has a power of swallowing doorkeys and reproducing them at pleasure, which fills all beholders with mingled sensations of horror and delight. His infancy and youth have been passed at a country public-house, and I am told that the sight of a drunken man calls forth his utmost powers. My groom is unfortunately sober, and I have had no opportunity of testing this effect; but I have told him "to provide himself" elsewhere, and am looking out for another who can have a dissolute character from his last master.'

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,

'Saturday Evening, Thirty-first August, 1850.

'... The Raven sends you his duty. He says (with a respectful croak) that if all the people who were attentive to the Nepaulese were like you, he should have nothing to remark upon. But he must take the liberty (he adds) of considering you as a very different person indeed, in all things, from the crowd of their admirers. He hopes you may read an article called the Paper Mill.'

The following letter was written shortly before Dickens's first visit to the United States. We have no knowledge of 'Miss Meredith's pillows'; but Miss Hannah Meredith was first the governess and afterwards the life-long companion and friend of Miss Burdett-Coutts. On December 19, 1844, she married Dr. William Brown who was the junior partner in the then well-known medical firm of Tupper, Chilvers, and Brown in Old Burlington Street, London. Dr. Tupper was the father of Martin Tupper of Proverbial Philosophy fame. After Miss Meredith's marriage to Dr. Brown they resided at 80 Piccadilly, a house which joined the residence of Miss Burdett-Coutts, 1 Stratton Street, with an opening cut between the two houses on the ground floor. Both houses belonged to Miss Burdett-Coutts; and 80 Piccadilly had been for a time the residence of her father, Sir Francis Burdett, and was the house where he was arrested

and taken to the Tower in 1810. Dr. Brown died at Montpellier after a short illness, on October 23, 1855. During the last years of her life Mrs. Brown became blind, and was cared for by Miss Burdett-Coutts with the utmost affection and solicitude. One of the chief alleviations of her affliction was almost daily visits from Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Irving, a close friend of both ladies, who came to read to Mrs. Brown. Both Dr. Brown and his wife are buried in the chancel of St. Stephen's Church, Westminster, the church which Miss Burdett-Coutts built in memory of her father, Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,

Dec. 14th, 1841.

DEAR MISS COUTTS,—

I am sincerely obliged to you for your kind invitation, but I am obliged, most unfortunately, to deny myself the pleasure of accepting it.

Every day this week I am engaged. As I shall have only a fortnight more when next Sunday comes, I have 'registered a vow' (in imitation of Mr. O'Connell) to pass those fourteen days at home, and not to be tempted forth. Having withstood your note and acted so manfully in this trying situation, which is a kind of reversal of Eve and the serpent, I feel that I can be adamant to everybody else. This is the only comfort I have in the penmanship of these words.

You will allow me, notwithstanding, to call upon you one morning before I go, to say good-bye, and to take your orders for any article of a portable nature in my new line of business—such as a phial of Niagara water, a neat tomahawk, or a few scales of the celebrated sea serpent, which would perhaps be an improvement on writing paper, for Miss Meredith's pillows.

I beg my compliments to her, and am sincerely,
and Faithfully Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

The next letter was written during Dickens's first visit to the United States. Lady Burdett, for whom he was to gather a pebble at Niagara, was the mother of Miss Burdett-Coutts. Dickens sailed from Liverpool the 17th January, 1842, in the Cunard steamer *Britannia*, Captain Hewitt. The weather during the whole crossing was very stormy, and at one time it was feared the vessel might be lost. While entering Halifax harbour there was a sudden fog; the steamer ran upon a mud-bank, and stuck there all night.

BALTIMORE, UNITED STATES,
March 22nd, 1842.

DEAR MISS COUTTS,—

You have long ago discharged from your mind any favorable opinion you may ever have entertained of me—and have set me down, I know, as a neglectful, erratic, promise-breaking, and most unworthy person.

And yet I have not forgotten the book you asked me to bring home for you—nor the pebble I am to gather for Lady Burdett at Niagara—nor the something unstipulated which I am to put in my portmanteau for Miss Meredith. The truth is that they give me everything here, but Time. That they never will leave me alone. That I shake hands every day when I am not travelling, with five or six hundred people. That Mrs. Dickens and I hold a formal *Levée* in every town we come to, and usually faint away (from fatigue) every day while dressing for dinner,—in a word, that we devoutly long for Home, and look forward to the seventh of next June when we sail, please God, from New York, most ardently.

I have sent you some newspapers ; and I hope they have reached you. They gave me a ball at New York, at which Three Thousand people were present—and a public dinner besides,—and another in Boston—and another in a place called Hartford. Others were projected, literally all through the States, but I gave public notice that I couldn't accept them ; being of mere flesh and blood, and having only mortal powers of digestion. But I have made an exception in favor of one body of readers at St. Louis—a town in the Far West, on the confines of the Indian territory. I am going there to dinner—it's only two thousand miles from here—and start the day after to-morrow.

I look forward to making such an impression on you with the store of anecdote and description with which I shall return, that I can't find it in my Heart to open it—on paper. I don't see how I shall ever get rid of my gatherings. It seems to me, at present, that when I come home I must take a cottage on Putney Heath, or Richmond Green, or some other wild and desolate place, and talk to myself for a month or two, until I have sobered down a little, and am quiet again. A prophetic feeling comes upon me sometimes, and hints that I shall return, a bore.

We had a terrible passage out, and we are to return in a sailing ship. Can you think of anything I can bring back for you ? If you can possibly commission me to bring you any article whatever

from the New Country, I need scarcely say how proud and glad you will make me. Any letter addressed to me to the care of David Colden Esquire, 28 Laight Street Hudson Square New York, would be forwarded to me wheresoever I might chance to be at the time of its receipt.

May I ask when you next see Mr. Marjoribanks to tell him with my best regards, that I thank him very much for his letters, and have received the greatest attention from all his correspondents—except the poor gentleman at Washington, who has been dead six years. Not finding him readily (no wonder!) I went into a bank to ask for him. I happened to make the enquiry of a very old clerk, who staggered to a stool and fell into a cold perspiration, as if he had seen a spectre. Being feeble, and the shock being very great, he took to his bed—but he has since recovered : to the great joy of his wife and family.

With every good and cordial wish for your health and happiness—many messages of regard to Miss Meredith—and very many scruples of conscience in sending you so poor a letter from so long a distance—I am always, Dear Miss Coutts,

With true regards,

Faithfully Your obliged friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

P.S.—I forgot to say that I have been at Washington (which is beyond here) and as far beyond that, again, as Richmond in Virginia. But the prematurely hot weather, and the sight of slaves, turned me back.

The book for which Dickens was in the 'agonies of plotting and contriving' was *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
Twelfth November, 1842.

MY DEAR MISS COUTTS,—

Your most kind note found me in the agonies of plotting and contriving a new book ; in which stage of the tremendous process I am accustomed to walk up and down the house, smiting my forehead dejectedly ; and to be so horribly cross and surly, that the boldest fly at my approach at such times, even the Postman knocks at the door with a mild feebleness, and my publishers always come two together, lest I should fall upon a single invader and do murder on his intrusive body.

I am afraid if I came to see you under such circumstances, you would be very glad to be rid of me in two hours at the most ; but I would risk even that disgrace, in my desire to accept your kind Invitation, if it were not indispensable just now, that I should be always in the way. In starting a work which is to last for twenty months there are so many little things to attend to, which require my personal superintendence, that I am obliged to be constantly on the watch ; and I may add, seriously, that unless I were to shut myself up, obstinately and sullenly in my own room for a great many days without writing a word, I don't think I ever should make a beginning.

For these reasons, I am fain to be resolute and virtuous, and to deny myself and Mrs. Dickens the great pleasure you offer us. I have not answered your letter until now, because I have really been tempted and hesitating. But the lapse of every new day only gives me a stronger reason for being perseveringly uncomfortable, that out of my gloom and solitude, something comical (or meant to be) may straightway grow up.

If you should still be in your present retreat when I have got my first number written (after which, I go on with great nonchalance) we shall be more than glad to come to you for one or two days. In the meantime Mrs. Dickens begs me to add her best remembrances to my own ; and to say that if you can oblige her with your box at Covent Garden on any of Miss Kemble's nights, she will be very thankful.

I am always, Dear Miss Coutts,
Yours faithfully and obliged,
CHARLES DICKENS.

It is impossible for me to say how I should argue with Miss Meredith, under existing circumstances.

To the fund raised as a public tribute to Macready, Miss Burdett-Coutts was, of course, a generous donor. For his benefit in 1843 Macready played Benedick and Comus. Sheridan Knowles's play *Virginus*, in which Macready played the name part, was first produced on May 17, 1820, and was a striking success.

Lord Lansdowne (1780-1863) succeeded his half-brother as third marquis in 1809. He supported the abolition of the Slave Trade, and brought about a coalition between a section of the Whigs and the followers of Canning. He was several times a member of the Cabinet, generally without office.

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
Twenty-eighth February, 1843.

DEAR MISS COUTTS,—

I don't know whether you may happen to remember that there was a Public subscription some two or three years ago, for the purchase of a Testimonial to Macready, in honour of his exertions to elevate the National Drama. However, there *was*: a handsome piece of plate was designed and made; and is at last to be presented by the Duke of Sussex in the course of the ensuing month.

But the failure of Hammersley's Bank, and the consequent loss of a part of the money, has rendered a second subscription necessary. Being a member of the committee, and casting about to whom it would be right to apply, I have naturally thought of you. Firstly, because I know you are attached to the most rational of all amusements, and secondly, because in the horrible indifference to it which prevails among people of influence and station, any support from you cannot fail to be at once most valuable to the cause, and most gratifying and cheering to Macready himself.

Therefore, if you see no objection to aiding the object (a much higher one than the froth of the world suppose) I shall be most proud and glad to act as your secretary or steward in the matter. Lord Lansdowne is one of the very few men in high places who have dealt with it as they should. There be some (whose titles would startle you) who have put down their names with round sums attached, but have not put down their money; in consequence of which, I am in danger of turning misanthropical, Byronic, and devilish.

I hope you liked the *Much Ado*—and the *Comus*—and that you will go to see *Virginius* next Monday. If you were not pleased last Friday, I shall certainly carry my misanthropical impulses into effect, and leave off my neckcloth without further notice.

Dear Miss Coutts,

Always Yours faithfully,

CHARLES DICKENS.

'DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,

'*Twenty-first March, 1843.*

'... Macready has been so much pleased by your approval and support; and is a man who while he courts nobody, feels such encouragement with great keenness; that I shall be glad to present him to you, if you will dine here. I know you will like him, as a private gentleman, exceedingly.'

The Lady Sale whom Dickens renounced for ever was Florentia, the daughter of George Wynch and the wife of Sir Robert Henry Sale, the distinguished soldier, whose services in India and Afghanistan earned him the title of 'Fighting Bob.' In 1843 Lady Sale published her journal, describing her sufferings, capture, and escape in Afghanistan. Her son-in-law, Lieutenant J. D. L. Sturt of the Engineers, died of wounds on January 9, 1842, during the retreat of the British force from Kabul.

The reason of Dickens's antipathy to Lady Sale is unknown. She is described as a typical soldier's wife, whatever that may mean, and was evidently physically strong and courageous; and as she is alleged repeatedly to have led our troops in Afghanistan—a statement which she denies in the preface to her Journal—she may have had an aggressive personality. Be that as it may, she at least had the virtue of eliciting from Dickens a characteristic flash of humour and caricature.

The article in the *Quarterly Review* on Theodore Hook was, as discerned by Dickens, written by Lockhart. It is perhaps the most just, discriminating, and appreciative study of the career of that brilliant and pathetic prodigal of genius that has been written. It is impossible to read Lockhart's pages to-day without being filled with the same feelings of sorrow and pity as Dickens experienced. It is said that Hook is the Mr. Wagg of *Vanity Fair* and the Lucian Gay of *Coningsby*.

'DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,

'Second June, 1843.

' . . . Lady Sale, I renounce for ever, and I here register a vow to look upon her henceforth with an eye colder and duller than a Fish's. Nor will I ever envy her Husband—her dog—her maid—nor anything that is hers, except the memory of her departed son-in-law. He must have had a blessed release; and I have no doubt is in an uncommon state of Peace. If his wife took after her mother, I believe more implicitly than I ever did, that every bullet has its billet and that there is a special Providence in the Fall of a sparrow.

'If Miss Meredith will receive me in that Poet's apartment you write of, on Sunday next, there will I be. I have pondered and reflected about the best time. Something seems to point in my mind to 3. But if that something be wrong by the Horse Guards, all times are alike to me in such a pleasant case, and an anonymous figure received by post in the course of to-morrow, will be perfectly understood and gratefully attended to.

'There is a terrible paper on Theodore Hook, in the last *Quarterly*—admirably written—as I think, from its internal evidence, by Lockhart. I have not seen anything for a long time so very moving. It fills me with grief and sorrow. Men have been chained to hideous walls and other strange anchors ere now, but few have known such suffering and bitterness at one time or other, as those who have been bound to Pens. A pleasant thought for me who has been using this very quill all day!'

Edward William Elton (1794-1843), an excellent actor; the original Beauseant in Bulwer Lytton's play *The Lady of Lyons*, his most successful rôle was Edgar in *Lear*. When he was returning from Edinburgh, on board the *Pegasus*, the ship struck a rock near Holy Island, and he was drowned. His death caused a strong sensation. Out of fifty-three persons on board, only six were saved.

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
Twenty-sixth July, 1843.

DEAR MISS COUTTS,—

I don't know whether you have seen an advertisement in the papers of this morning, signed by me, and having reference to the family of Mr. Elton the actor, who was drowned in the *Pegasus*. I consented last night to act as chairman of a committee for the assistance of his children: and I assure you that their condition is melancholy and desolate beyond all painting.

He was a struggling man through his whole existence—always very poor, and never extravagant. His wife died mad, three years ago, and he was left a widower with seven children—who were expecting his knock at the door, when a friend arrived with the terrible news of his Death.

If in the great extent of your charities, you have a niche left to fill up, I believe in my heart this is as sad a case as could possibly be put into it. If you have not, I know you will not mind saying so to me.

Do not trouble yourself to answer this, as I will call upon you to-day between one and two. I called on Sunday last, to enquire after Miss Meredith; but seeing your carriage at the door, I left my card. By the way—lingering at the street corner, was a very strange-looking fellow, watching your house intently.

Dear Miss Coutts,

always Yours faithfully and obliged,

CHARLES DICKENS.

'DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
'*Twenty Eighth July, 1843.*

'I will not attempt to tell you what I felt, when I received your your noble letter last night.

'Trust me that I will be a faithful steward of your bounty; and that there is no charge in the wide world I would accept with so much pride and happiness as any such from you.

'I should be uneasy if I did not let you know that your letter being put in my hands at the Freemasons' last night where the committee were sitting, I told them what it contained, *before* I arrived at your injunction of secrecy. But the gentlemen who were there, were far too much impressed by what I had conveyed to them ever to betray your confidence, I am sure. I can answer for that.'

Charles James Mathews (1803-78), is the actor, dramatist, theatrical manager; Thomas Slingsby Duncombe (1796-1861), Radical politician, who in 1842 presented the Chartist petition. Alfred Bunn (1796-1860) was in 1843 manager of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres. As he had published verses, he was satirically nicknamed 'Poet Bunn.' He is said to have supplied Thackeray with material for the character of Mr. Dolphin, the manager, in *Pendennis*.

'BROADSTAIRS, KENT,
'*Monday, Seventh August, 1843.*

'I went up to town last Thursday to preside at a meeting of the Committee for poor Mr. Elton's children; but as I came back here next morning, I had no opportunity of calling on you.

'Owing to the offensive conduct of Mr. Charles Mathews and his estimable lady, we were unable to use either Harley, the Keeleys, Mrs. Nisbett, or Mrs. Stirling, at the Haymarket, although they had all been previously announced with Mr. Webster's full consent. The consequence was, that we were obliged at the last moment to alter an excellent bill; and the entertainments were very trash. You will be glad to hear, however, that the receipts were £280; a very large sum in that Theatre, which when crammed to the very utmost will not hold more than £300. Including this sum, we had in hand on Thursday night, hard upon a thousand pounds: since which time the benefit at the Surrey (the only return I have yet had) has produced a hundred and forty pounds more, and some additional private subscriptions have also come in.

'Finding it exceedingly difficult in the midst of their trouble to arrive with anything like tolerable certainty at the weekly

expenses of the family; last Thursday, I placed £10—the ten you sent me—in the hands of a lady who knows them and can be trusted to make a careful report; and begged her to account to me for it, and to get me an estimate by the time we meet again (next Monday) of their average bills. Before I see you on that head, I will visit the children myself. For I wish particularly to speak to the eldest girl about it, and to be very careful that your assistance is free from the control of any relation or friend, but such as she knows can be thoroughly trusted, and is kindly disposed towards them. I fancy I have observed some slight signs and tokens, which render this precaution indispensable.

'This little place is very bright and beautiful—and I wish you and your Patient could see it this morning. I have been here six years, and have never had a Piano next door; but this fortune was too good to last, and now there is one close to the little bay-window of the room I write in, which has six years' agony in every note it utters. I have been already obliged to take refuge on the other side of the house, but that looks into a street where the "Flies" stand, and where there are donkeys and drivers out of number. Their music is almost as bad as the other, and between the two, I was driven into such a state of desperation on Saturday, that I thought I must have run away and deserted my family. The matter was not mended when the paper came down, with Mr. Thomas Duncombe's tribute to the character and acquirements of Mr. Bunn: which so exasperated me (though the two gentlemen are well worthy of each other's friendship) that I walked ten miles over burning chalk, before I could resume the least composure.

'Charley and two hundred and fifty other children, are making fortifications in the sand with wooden spades, and picking up shells and sea-weeds. He is still full of his last visit to you, and brightened up like burnished copper at breakfast when I asked him if he had any message to send. If I thought his love would *do* (he said) he should like to forward it. So I promised to convey it to you, in due form. I have some idea of writing him a child's History of England, to the end that he may have tender-hearted notions of War and Murder, and may not fix his affections on wrong heroes, or see the bright side of Glory's sword and know nothing of the rusty one. If I should carry it out, I shall live in the hope that you will read it one wet day.'

Nell was one of the many children for whose start in life Miss Burdett-Coutts provided. Dickens's reference to the crime of

Elizabeth Brownrigg as a matter apparently of common knowledge, seventy-six years after it was committed, shows how deep an impression was made upon the public mind by the story of her terrible cruelties to her apprentices. She was a midwife living in Fleur de Lys Court, Fleet Street, London, and about 1765 was appointed midwife for the parish workhouse of St. Dunstan's in the West. She had three apprentices, whom she treated in the most inhuman manner, and to one of them, Mary Clifford, her cruelties were so great as to cause death. Elizabeth Brownrigg was tried, found guilty, and hanged at Tyburn, September 14, 1767. Her skeleton was exposed in a niche at Surgeons' Hall in the Old Bailey, that the heinousness of her cruelty might make a more lasting impression on the minds of the spectators.

The *President* was an American steamer which sailed from New York for Liverpool, March 21, 1841. She was sighted on March 24, but was never seen or heard of again.

Tyrone Power (1797-1841) was a clever Irish comedian who went down in the *President*.

'DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,

' *Second November, 1843.*

' . . . Nell distracts me. It unfortunately happens that there is no Institution (that I know of, or can find out, at least) where such a girl could learn a trade. This throws one on a choice of trades. Then I think of tambour-working—then of stay-making—then of shoe-binding—then of ready-made linening—then of Millinery—then of straw Bonnet making—then of Mrs. Brownrigg—then of surplus labor—and then I give it up with a headache.

' Would it not be a good plan, first, to find out what the child thinks herself, and then to cast about among your servants for instance, whether they have not some friend or relation who is, or who knows some other friend or relation who is, in a respectable little way of business that would do for her? I could very easily find out, by personal inspection, whether it promised well. None of our former handmaidens are settled in any trade, except a most respectable cook, who married from us (in a cab—no. 74) and keeps a thriving shop, I am told, 'in the general line.' But there seems to be nothing to learn in the general line, except making up infinitesimal parcels of pepper, and chopping soap into little blocks—and she can do that now, I dare say.

' There's half a bonnet-shop in Tottenham Court Road, with an inscription in the window in these words. "Wonted a feamail Prentis with a premum." *That* wouldn't do, perhaps?

'This day week, I shall have paid the Eltons, the full amount you gave me. One of the poor girls is very ill, I am sorry to say, and seems consumptive. Did you see the cruel hoax of the bottle? We have the slip of paper which was shut up in it, and it is not (they tell me) in his handwriting, or at all like it. What strange minds those must be, which can find delight in such intolerable cruelties—for which, and which only, if I had my will, I would flog at the church doors. After the *President* went down, Mrs. Power had some new letter, almost every day, saying that he had landed in Ireland, and was staying at the Writer's house!'

The Christmas story which was to make Miss Burdett-Coutts cry was '*The Chimes* ; a goblin story of some bells that rang an Old Year out and New Year in.' The story was illustrated by Maclise, Doyle, Leech, and Clarkson Stanfield.

In a letter of April 30, 1844, Dickens explained to Clarkson Stanfield that 'the sanatorium or sick-house is for students, governesses, clerks, young artists and so forth, who are above hospitals, and not rich enough to be well attended in illness in their own lodgings.' It has proved impossible to ascertain where this 'Sanatorium or Sick-House' existed, and it is not improbable that out of it grew the much more ambitious scheme for the benefit of writers, artists and others, known as 'the Guild of Literature and Art,' some particulars of which are given in the introduction to the letter of March 20, 1851.

The little book by a working man, was *Evenings of a Working Man, being the occupation of his scanty leisure*. By John Overs. With a Preface relative to the Author, by Charles Dickens. London, T. C. Newby, 1844. Overs was a self-educated working man, a carpenter, who sent Dickens some verses. Dickens had known him for about six years, and wrote the preface to a collection of short stories, which were published to help to provide for an ailing wife and a young family.

Dickens did not at first make his headquarters in Italy at the Palazzo Peschiere, as he had intended, but on the advice of a friend took the Villa di Bella Vista, at Albaro, a suburb of Genoa. The invalid lady referred to was Miss Meredith. (V. ante Dec. 14, 1841).

'PIAZZA COFFEE HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN,

'*Sunday, December Eighth, 1844.*

'I have been in town a very few days ; and leave it again, and start for Italy, to-night. I hoped to have seen you as a matter of course ; but when I had disposed of the business part of my Christ-

mas Book (which mainly brought me here, and imprisoned me at the Printer's two days) I had some arrangements to make for the extrication of some unhappy people from circumstances of great distress and perplexity, which have occupied my whole time, so that I have seen no one, and gone nowhere.

'I had the greatest pleasure some months ago, in the receipt of your interesting letter from Germany. I was going to answer it with some account of my Italian adventures; but as soon as I had any to narrate, the time had come for my sitting down to my little book; and when I got up again, it was to come here. I hope you will like those *Chimes* which will be published on the 16th and though I am not malicious, I am bent on making you cry, or being most horribly disappointed.

'The Sanatorium Committee have informed me of your munificent donation to that Establishment. There is not in England an Institution whose design is more noble, useful, and excellent. I know some little histories connected with that place, and the blessing it has proved in sickness and Death, which are among the most affecting incidents that have ever come within my observation.

'You may possibly have seen a Preface I wrote, before leaving England, to a little book by a Working Man; and may have learned from the newspapers that he is dead: leaving a destitute wife and six children, of whom one is a cripple. I have addressed a letter to the Governors of the Orphan Working School in behalf of the eldest boy; and they tell me he has a good chance of being elected into that Institution in April next. It has occurred to me that at some time or other you might have an opportunity of presenting one of the Girls to some other school or charity, and as I know full well that in such an event you would rather thank than blame me for making such a real and strong case known to you, I send you the Children's names and ages.

' Amelia Overs	11 years old.
' John Richard	9
' Harriet	7
' Geraldine	6
' Editha	4
' John	4 months.

'They live, at present, at 55 Vauxhall Street, Lambeth.

'My head-quarters in Italy are at Genoa; where we live in a Palace (the Palazzo Peschiere) something larger than Whitehall

multiplied by four ; and where Charley and his Giant sisters play among orange Trees and Fountains all day long. They were particularly anxious when I came away, that I should give their loves to you, and they entrusted me with the Private commission that I should ascertain whether "That Lady" was still in bed upstairs. In pursuing my enquiries on this head, I have received information in reference to that lady, which has quite delighted me, and not at all surprised me. I hope I may still live in her memory ; and that I may venture to send her my regards and congratulations.

'I have been to Modena, Parma, Bologna, Ferrara, Cremona, Venice, and a hundred other places. Florence, Rome, Naples, and Palermo lie before me. I never could have believed in, and never did imagine, the full splendour and glory of Venice. That wonderful dream. The three days that I passed there, were like a Thousand and One Arabian Nights wildly exaggerated a thousand and one times. I read *Romeo and Juliet* in Verona too, and bought some tooth-ache mixture of an apothecary in Mantua, lean enough and poor enough to "go on" in the Tragedy. I came to England by the Simplon—sledging through the snow upon the top—and through Switzerland, which was cool. But beautiful and grand, beyond expression. I shall remain in Paris—at the Hotel Brighton—until Friday Evening next ; and if at that place or at any other, you could give me any commission to execute for you, I need not say how happy it would make me.'

(*To be continued.*)

AN ECHO OF WATERLOO.

BY LORD DARLING.

LATELY there has been placed in my hands a slender packet of letters written during that period called 'the hundred days'—a period more fateful for England, and to Europe, than many a century of years. These are but a fragment remaining still of a correspondence of my wife's grandmother—then a young married woman, travelling abroad with her husband—letters addressed to her mother resident in England. The writer was Mrs. Greathed, of Uddens, Dorset; only daughter of Sir Richard Glyn, of Gaunts House, in the same county. Mr. Greathed had held a commission in the 3rd Dragoon Guards; had retired; and, before settling down to the life of a squire—somewhat monotonous, perhaps, even in Dorsetshire—had taken a house for a short time in Brussels; then the not too expensive centre of an agreeable society, as is apparent in the Diary of Mr. Greathed himself—for example:

'On the 15th June we were all enjoying ourselves at a Ball at the Duchess of Richmond's, when it was made public that the Prussians had been attacked and driven in on that day, and that the French were expected to advance. The Duke of Wellington, who had been aware of this at an early hour—and so had had time to complete his arrangements, and expedite his orders to his different Corps before his arrival—was present, and his whole manner was that of a man who had not a care on his mind. The Ball was, of course, soon concluded; the officers who had come in to it from the surrounding cantonments took an early leave, and a parting took place between some who were to meet no more.'

Among the friends of the Greatheds were Mr. and Mrs. Creevey; and, in his Diary of 16th June, 1815, Mr. Creevey writes thus:

'I dined at Mr. Greathed's in the Park. . . . In walking there between 4 and 5 poor Charles Ord and I thought we heard the sound of cannon; and when we got to Greathed's we found everybody on the rampart listening to it. In the course of the evening the rampart was crowded with people listening, and the sound became perfectly distinct and regular. Just before we sat down to dinner Greathed saw Col. Canning, one of the Duke's

Aides-de camp, walking by the window, and he called him up to dine. He had been sent by the Duke on a mission to the French King at Alost, and was then on his return. He was killed two days afterwards at Waterloo.'

On this very day Mrs. Greathed wrote the first of the letters which follow.

Letter from Mrs. Greathed to her mother, Lady Glyn, 4 Arlington Street, London, 1815.

BRUXELLES, June 16th.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

A courier went from here last night, who I suppose would make it public in London that hostilities have commenced, in so far that Bonaparte made yesterday a reconnaissance at Binche between Mons and Namur, and therefore all our force is advanced; you can hardly conceive the blank this place presents, the Duke, Staff, Regiments, everyone gone during the night, no one left but Sir Colin Campbell to pack and pay bills. The Dss. of Richmond's Ball last night took place unfortunately, as many Officers were drawn in from Enghien and Grammont, who were obliged quickly to make their retreat, and there was nothing but taking leave, the whole evening. It is impossible for anyone, being acquainted with almost every Officer not to feel deeply interested and anxious; some poor Damsels are left sadly forlorn and some Wives still more to be pitied. I only hope our Armies will be allowed to give him a severe check at first, as that will be of material consequence. The Duke was as chearful as ever, and had Lady Frances Webster upon his arm as usual. He was to have given a Ball the 21st to celebrate the Victory of Vittoria; he will probably be now in a different scene as I should think there was no possibility of the Troops returning even if Bonaparte recedes. *Murat* commands the Cavalry—what a dream it is! I am very glad Mr. Greathed went to Enghien last week; he had a very pleasant party with the Richmonds; and the D. of W. went over one day to dine with them, and they had a good Cricket Match. I saw *Wickham* this morning; the Board to which he belongs is thought *here* a great Job. I hear the D. of W. does not approve it.

If cupping did you so much good, I suppose it shows too full a habit, therefore I hope Chilvers will put you in a course to conquer it, perhaps no Wine and little Meat. I quite rejoice William Mills is married, that as you say he has one who cares for him; if he is married to a daughter of Mr. Hare's, her Sister is married this winter to Mr. Germaine, so has every possibility of being Duchess of Dorset. Tell Mrs. Mills this, as she loves *very* high rank.

Saturday.

When you hear of our imminent danger yesterday, my dear Mother, you will offer a thanksgiving for our safety; the severest action that our gallant Heroes ever remember took place yesterday 18 miles from hence and the Cannonading was incessant and loud at this place from 2 till 9. Bonaparte made one of his rapid advances, and there were no troops, comparatively speaking, to oppose him with his 90,000. About 14,000 Men left this place at 3 in the morn'g; the 42nd, 79th, Royal Scots, 92nd, 32nd, 44th, 28th, 95th, Hanoverians and Brunswickers; reached the field about 12, and were immediately in action; they fought like Lions, I never heard of anything like the Scotch Brigade. The poor Duke of Brunswick is killed, and then his troops gave way; the Belgians faltered but *Barnes*¹ rallied them and highly distinguished himself; he had 2 horses killed under him. The two Princes of Orange were very much distinguished; poor Lord Hay, I fear, is killed, and Col. Macray of the 42nd. The allied troops have lost 4,000 *men*. Our Cavalry had above 40 miles to march and did not reach the field till all was over. In the course of the night all our other divisions under Lord Hill, etc., have joined, and Bonaparte has retreated² near *Charleroi*, so our danger is over. The Brunswickers lost 4 pieces of Cannon. Our Army was last night at Genappe (not Gemappe) and Nivelles. The Prussians, I suppose, were not in sufficient force, but certainly the *French* fell completely upon our Men, *they* fought uncommonly well. Lord March had a scratch.—I hope we may reasonably look to the War being carried now across the Sambre. The D. of W. has had a specimen of Bonaparte's celerity and dash. I do not hear of any Belgians deserting to him, *Genl. Bourmont* and 2 Colonels left him. I have had the pleasure of seeing a few French prisoners brought in.

You will be glad to hear that I have not suffered, I feel very calm and confident, we get constant information and I have full trust it will continue good.

I have seen nothing of John Pemberton, is he in the Army—tell me everything about everybody in England, here all conversation is of course confined to one subject. Pray send me constantly the Salisbury Paper, now Hervey and all are gone we shall see none—I do not hear of anybody taking flight, nor of the French Court quitting Ghent. I hope you have a good map of the Netherlands and then you will exactly see the situation of the armies. *Charleroi* is not fortified. Will you tell the Harris's we are safe and

¹ General Sir Edward Barnes. Two days later he was seriously wounded at Waterloo.

² Mrs. Greathed was here as much mistaken as was Grouchy in thinking that Blücher had retired on Namur. But she corrects this inaccuracy in her next letter.

well, and that I received yesterday a very comfortable letter dated the 5th from Okeden at Lausanne, he was going to make another little tour. Kindest love around.

Yr. very affecte.

MARY ELIZTH. GREATHED.

'*Fama malorum*,' always exaggerated, hastens ever with the sound of cannon; and of course Mrs. Greathed had been misinformed as to Murat's being with the French Army in June, 1815. He was then anxious on his own account, as King of Naples—for the Austrians were busy and troublesome. Yet he had offered his services to Napoleon—only, it is said, to have them contemptuously declined—and, as he was shot in October, at Pizzo, Murat had not the satisfaction of knowing that Napoleon later declared that he, if leading the Cavalry as of old, might have turned the fortunes of that disastrous day.

Mrs. Greathed's letter shows that she shared in the emotions of that wonderful night—and her words compel us to recall this stanza of Lord Byron's:

'Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!'

It was the eve of Quatre Bras—and the Duchess of Richmond's ball had been disturbed by reason of the events thus set forth in the despatch of the Duke of Wellington, from which I take this paragraph.

Duke of Wellington's Despatch. Waterloo, 19th June, 1815. Quatre Bras.—Buonaparte 'advanced on the 15th (June) and attacked the Prussian posts at Thuin and Lobbes, on the Sambre, at daylight in the morning. I did not hear of these events till in the evening of the 15th—and I immediately ordered the troops to prepare to march, and afterwards to march to their left as soon as I had intelligence from other quarters to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi was the real attack.'

Having made these necessary military dispositions, and not forgetting the desirability of maintaining the *moral* of the garrison

and society of Brussels and of infusing into them some of his own sangfroid, 'The Beau' called for Lady Frances Webster, appeared with her in the ballroom as Mrs. Greathed describes, and then proceeded to join his troops at the farm of Les Quatre Bras.

The battle of Waterloo had been fought on Sunday, and Mrs. Greathed had written on the next day, 19th June, a letter, which apparently was never received by Lady Glyn—for the next we have is this:

June 21st, 1815.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

The Macdonalds returned last night from Antwerp and therefore my first letter has never reached you. I hope one on Monday sent with the dispatches has. I shall still send you the former one as it is an accurate account of Friday the 16th; only that I perceive the retreat of our Army and advance of the French must be unknown to you. The fact was that at 9 Friday night after the engagement and our having retained our position, the French Cavalry forced Blücher's line and captured 16 pieces of Cannon; the Prussians retired; they say the Officer who was to carry the account to the Duke was wounded, certainly he was not informed of it for some hours, and then found it necessary to retire to Waterloo, and about two miles around that place our Army bivouacked on Saturday night—one of the most stormy I ever remember. I hear his dispatch is a cold one, perhaps he thought there would be no end of the praise the British deserved, and that our conceited allies might presume a censure upon them. No Prussians were in the Battle of Waterloo till 9 at night, when Bülow most providentially appeared with 30,000 Men, and decided the day. Four times we lost the Battle. All who know the Duke are sure he would have been the last Man on the field. Bonaparte had remained near a Telegraph about a mile off during the day, but about 8 he advanced, charged himself, and was seen seizing his Men's Bridles to make them return to the charge. His carriage and Baggage are in the hands of the Prussians. The Duc de Bassano's carriage I saw here. Count Lobau, who is a Prisoner here, says, the Garrisons were drawn from Valenciennes, Laon, Metz, in short that no Corps d'Armée remains unengaged, but that at Strasbourg of 30,000 Men. He has lost all his Artillery, ammunition and Stores; Lobau says Bonaparte sought death. Vandamme's corps of 15,000 Men are in this Country about 20 miles off, but without Artillery, and we hope soon to hear that Kleist has taken care of them. Mr. Greathed went yesterday to the Field—to make himself Master of the position; Hervey and Burnand explained it

to him; the firmness of the Guards was quite astonishing. Pray go and view the Eagles we have sent you. Mr. G. had an opportunity of congratulating the Duke whom he met at Waterloo driving his curricule without the least ostentation in plain clothes to head-quarters at Nivelles; he has been much hurt at the loss we have had; but really the feeling of deliverance from personal danger, and pride in the glory of one's Country, sensibly diminishes the grief one should be otherwise overwhelmed by. Then there is such joy when those wounded do well, and I have the ardent hope that it will be the last sad day to think of. Poor Chas. Smyth died on Sunday, he had just got his majority in the 100th which is not in Belgium, but would act as Brigade Major to Pack. Our good Friend D'Oyly was killed at the end of the action by a stray shot, sometime hence a square deal Box will arrive for me with his name upon it, will you desire it should be taken care of, if you are not in town. We packed up on Sunday. I believe literally no English are left, but the Richmonds, Mr. Norris, J. Smith's, Creevey's, Pryce Garden's and ourselves, but they will quickly return from Antwerp. Lord and Ly. Huntly came from Holland in perfect ignorance of our State on Saturday, and we were to have dined on Sunday with the Richmonds, but they live at the bottom of the town, and I could not have the Children out of sight when People of every Nation were coming in, so I dined with Ly. Sidney Smith and Mr. G. went to the Duke's. I really think Sir Sidney has entirely lost his senses, he not only went to the latter end of the Battle, but has repeated his visit to the Field Monday and yesterday, in his carriage (*a sentence here is heavily struck out*), he goes with his orders, a heron's feather in a Cap, a white, an orange, a black cockade, a sword and a dagger with 2 blades. I think probably he goes to the French wounded, for the sake of talking—I hope poor Creatures they will be all brought in to-day. Most Gentlemen have been over to the Field, but I have not heard of such repeated visits.—Col. Hervey is appointed Military Secretary to the Duke; we are to hear from him whenever anything occurs. Lord Uxbridge is wonderfully well, and a reconciliation has taken place between him and the Capels—the greatest humanity is shown by the Natives to the wounded of all nations, there is a large share of egotism in their conversation, but that we must excuse.

I wish you could see Mrs. Macdonald. She is a sweet pleasing Woman, he is Sir Archibald's Son.

We shall trouble you to send a *Gazette*, for here we see no dispatch or return.

We are all well.

MARY ELIZTH. GREATHED.

Louis 18th moves to-day to Mons to be on the Frontier. I wish he may not reverse the benefits we have done.

The Duke and our troops are gone to-night to *Malplaquet*; where they hope to discover the house in which the Duke of Marlboro lodged, that our much greater Duke may sleep there.

I never cease to congratulate myself we only *prepared* for flight, the road was bitterly blocked up to Antwerp, and the accommodation was dreadful; we always had the earliest and best information and did not attend to rumours.

Amongst Mrs. Greathed's papers is a document endorsed by her: 'This was to have been delivered had we fled from Bruxelles, June, 1815.'

The name of the officer who wrote it seems to me to lend it an interest of its own—for he has been represented as one incapable of any kindly act.

A BRUXELLES LE 25 *Mai*, 1815.

MONS^r. LE GÉNÉRAL,—

Mons^r. et Madame Greathed avec leurs enfants, une famille anglaise digne de tous égards, et dont la connoissance dans les circonstances moins occupés auroient fait a Votre Excellence une grande satisfaction, vont quitter ce pays pour passer dans la Suisse. Ils passeront probablement par l'armée Prussienne.

J'ose prier la bonté de V.E. de leur accorder vos Passeports et même quelque Raccomandation aux Chefs des Corps par où ils peuvent passer en cas qu'ils en auroient besoin. Vous rendrez une service et obligation particulière tant a moi qu'à eux, et j'ose vous assurer de toute leur Reconnoissance aussi bien que de la mienne. Je reste,

Mons^r. le General, avec le plus grand respect et considération.

Votre très fidèle et devoué serviteur,

H. LOWE,

Major-General.

It seems strange that Mrs. Greathed, writing on 21st June, should have been under the impression that the Prussians did not appear on the field of Waterloo until nine at night. It is a delusion long held, and is perhaps traceable to the fact that it was about that hour when Blücher and Wellington met at La Belle Alliance, and shook hands outside what, in the morning, had been Napoleon's head-quarters.

Even now it is worth repeating—for the part played by the Prussians in the great victory is often not sufficiently appreciated—

that Blücher delivered his attack upon Plancenoit at five in the afternoon, captured that village, and turned the French right. What followed may be found in the Duke of Wellington's own despatch—begun that evening at Waterloo, and finished on the next day at Brussels.

Waterloo. 'These attacks lasted till about seven in the evening when the enemy made a desperate effort with cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left centre near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated; and, having observed that the troops retired from this attack in great confusion, and that the march of General Bülow's corps, by Frischermont and Planchenois and La Belle Alliance, had begun to take effect, and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blücher had joined in person with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohain, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point; the enemy was forced from his positions on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, 150 pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands. . . . I should not do justice to my own feelings, or to Marshal Blücher, and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them. The operation of General Bülow upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one.'

The next letter of Mrs. Greathed's which I have was written from Paris. The 'hundred days' were over; and she had gone with her husband to enjoy sights long denied to English eyes.

Letter from Mrs. Greathed to her mother, Lady Glyn, Gaunts House, Wimborne, Dorset.

PARIS, Sept. 14th, 1815.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

I did contrive to write to Robert last week which I hope he has received, as in this world of wonder and delight he ought to consider it a *very* great proof of affection. Paris for a short time gratifies me beyond measure, it is impossible that the most ill-informed should not gain some information; the arrangement, the magnificence of every undertaking. Every collection I have seen has made me a most complete Buona-tist, and only still more lowers my opinion of a People who so readily allowed such a Genius to leave them to their fate.

I believe the best informed are far from thinking, that the course of strange events has ended; the Royalists in La Vendée are divided into parties, and in the south near Nismes, there are most unpleasant feuds between the Catholics and Protestants and a Green Cockade is mounted. If ever the Allies separate and leave this City, I am sure commotions will arise, the distress and disappointment of the People upon seeing Inscriptions, entablatures, and the Pictures of their great Battles of Austerlitz, Lodi and so forth daily disappear is very evident, and makes one enter into their feelings; and after all it will be hardly possible to get rid of all remembrance of him. I spy out the letter *N* in the Damask hangings, on the handles of doors in many buildings. The King sleeps in the same room Buonaparte did in the Tuilleries, but not in the same Bed, he has a small Bed brought in every night and has the folly to forego the very comfortable one which from its being unused must daily remind him of its former owner. On 25th the King opens the Parliat. at the Chambre des Députés. I took the Children thro' the Tuilleries yesterday and *Eddy*¹ was much pleased with touching the King's Bed. One of our highest gratifications has been in attending a private lecture of the Abbé Sand's (?) and witnessing the extraordinary powers of mind of some of his Pupils; his own exposition of the human mind and the roots of ideas was charming. Massieu (?) you have perhaps often heard of for his wonderful attainments, and a scholar of *his* is nearly his equal in force of mind, and superior in elegance. Their quickness of conversation by action, their cheerfulness and appearance of health and comfort were very pleasant to see. He does not take them in till 12 years old to give reason a greater chance of maturity those not so highly gifted are made Taylors, Shoemakers

(A page, or more, has evidently been destroyed at this point.)

After the Play the usual mode with the French is to sit out on the Boulevards under trees eating Ice. We did so one night; this could hardly be done in England. Poor Ian (?) I am afraid ends his pleasure at Gaunts about this day. How long do you stay this year. Mr. Randle Wilbraham and Egerton I have seen several times. I am quite surprized at the want of gallantry in the English Gentlemen, so many are come without their wives. Society seems little thought of; there is so much to see that it is impossible not to be out the whole morning and quite tired by night. Versailles is magnificent in size; there is a royal grandeur throughout which marks Louis 14th in everything he undertook, he flattered the vanity of the French as much as Napoleon; but the taste and knowledge of the latter are evidently very superior. Many of the

¹ Her son, then three years of age.

lower French People think Napoleon is now in England. The Petit Trianon is a pretty little place I should enjoy to live in. I met in the Louvre Mr. and Mrs. Auriol, I was not aware he had travelled in Italy, they are hand in hand and as affectionate as ever. I am very much distressed by seeing in the paper the death of Lady FitzHarris, I had no idea of her being ill. It is sometime since I heard from her; then she made no complaint, and I hoped her general delicacy wd. have been got the better of as she advanced in life, but she is taken to an early reward of her very superior virtues. She was the most perfect pattern I have yet fallen in with, of all the sweet and complying qualities of a Wife and her performance of the duties of a Mother were done in a way very few indeed have attained—Poor Man, I know no one to whom the loss of so superior a companion could be greater. Lady Frances Cole I believe is here, they all quite doated upon her. Now I have no one to regret being separated from in our neighbourhood but yourselves. To-morrow we set out; we go by Fontainebleau, with a Voiturier and expect to reach Lausanne on Monday se'night. Okeden will have returned from his tour of the whole of Switzerland by that time.

Mrs. Harris thinks Paris just as dear as London in most things, and no wonder for the poor creatures are required to pay heavy contributions daily; the Prussians have got all the best quarters, the English fare second best in everything but esteem. Harris does not know Mr. and Mrs. Petrie. I am extremely well, even in Paris, which has a bad reputation you know. Certainly any wight may come to Canning. I shall write to him as soon as I reach Lausanne. I hope Douglas spoke to him about us, for our letter of introduction is from his poor dead brother, and cannot be delivered, as is also the case with the Cargats in Switzerland from dear Lady FitzHarris. Lord Castlereagh has been confined by a severe accident; in walking in the Champs Elysées a horse on piquet kicked him above *both* knees. The review of the Prussians was very grand; the opinion of their Army is very high; upon signal 500 pieces fired at once. They must become a very prevailing power. If you have a preference to send your letters by Paris, send them under cover to John G. Harris, Esq.

Depy. Judge Advocate, Head Quarters, Paris.

If one was more sure of the People, I think the environs of Paris are a very desirable residence, Sèvres, Passy, St. Germans or Versailles. Mr. and Mrs. Harris desire their kind regards. Our very best love.

Yr. truly affecte.

M. E. G.

How happy Mrs. Glyn seems to be with her Son, I hear the world say she has had £80,000.

I have not been able to see the French Ministers, they are never visible.

To-day I go to St. Cloud. Josephine is universally loved.

The final letter describes the journey through a part of France still suffering from the occupation by foreign troops.

Letter from Mrs. Greathed to her mother, Lady Glyn, Gaunts House, Wimborne, Dorsetre.

MAISON NEUVE within one day
of DIJON. *Sepr. 19th, 1815.*

I wrote to you, my dear Mother, the day before I left Paris, on Friday last. I enjoyed my ten days most perfectly, being in the same house with the Harris's was in every way most comfortable and I am very glad it so happened that Mr. Cooke arrived from Italy. I should think there was small probability of Harris's returning to England to stay at present; he will try to get over for the circuit, he likes his situation. I think she will not like Paris now she has no one to go about with her, for he is much occupied and it will be impossible for her to go about alone. On the last day I went to see St. Cloud which is a beautiful and a cheerful Palace, there I saw the Room in which the King of Rome was born; the Paintings are all destroyed or taken away by the Prussians. Blücher made the Palace his headquarters for some time. All was perfectly untrue in regard to Versailles that we saw in the Papers; as to burning and massacring—pillaging is probably true as that seems very general. The Austrians have possession of all the Country we have travelled thro'; their requisitions seem to be as large as the Prussians'; they are perfectly quiet. The English meet with more respect than near Belgium. I think there is a good deal of Jealousy there. Fontainebleau is in their possession, the Palace is sumptuous, the furniture remains entire as in Napoleon's time, excepting his Portraits. We saw the little table in the little Room in which he abdicated; the variety of furniture, the richness and luxury is beyond any description; the Palace was begun by Francis I. His Gallery and Chapel are remaining, and his principal Staircase which is about the size of the back stairs in Arlington St. We saw the suite of apartments in which the Pope lived; 1,475 best Beds are made up there. The Roads are quite delightful and the Country from Paris very pretty, both Vineyards and large Forests; but from Auxerre it is very dull and uninteresting. That Town is the head-quarters of the Bavarian

Army. We saw Col. Upton, who is English Commissioner. We travel as we did from Bruxelles in two Voitures, but we have different Voituriers, and nothing can be more irksome ; we sometimes meet also with very bad Inns and very little to eat. The general distress and wretchedness is as great as an enemy can wish.

DIJON, Wednesday night.

Till within a few miles of this place the country is very dreary and in some parts the road very indifferent indeed, a Château is hardly ever seen, and the few I perceived are shut up. I suppose it was always the case in France, but it gives great dulness to an English eye that no Country Gentlemen or Farmers are going about. The Villages are completely impoverished and perfectly filthy, and there are very few great Towns in the Country we have passed thro' ; I may say none in the course of 170 miles from the capital. The sale of the national property has ruined the appearance of the Country ; everyone cultivates a few acres for his own uses ; there is no general liberality, or activity in the improvement of the land. This town appears to be pretty ; but it was late when we came in and I could not well judge ; we stay to-morrow as one of the Horses is rather lame. On Tuesday we hope to reach Lausanne. I see Mr. T. Miller's name at this Inn as gone to Geneva. The Children bear the journey with perfect good humour and spirits and are quite well. We go over the Jura Mountains by Pontarliers.

Thursday morning.

The town is overpowered by Austrian troops, they are encamped even in the villas. We have been to the Museum, which is a part of the ancient palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, and only curious from having the Bronzes and a few bad Pictures, belonging to them. This letter seems to be a sample of sentences but it has been taken up at various times. Maison Neuve where it was begun was a place only to be remembered by the loss of an Omelet which was serving to us ; a Hungarian Soldier preferred it and snatched it away but they never molest us. Being English is a *Passe partout* ; they have never asked for our Passport till this town. I have heard of poor Lady FitzHarris's death and the cause ; I hope her poor Husband who is in perfect despair will soon see the Mercy of Providence in sparing the suffering she must have encountered. The Duke of Wellington asked us to a Concert the night before we came away ; but, everything being packed, I declined it. We went to the Ruggieri Gardens, a kind of Vauxhall, much smaller, but very superior in variety and in the beauty of the Fireworks ; there were Punches, Swings, Roundabouts, Jugglers, Raffles and Dances. I do not know whether the weather was unusually fine

whilst we were at Paris ; but I never felt anything so soft and so pleasant as the air ; the evenings were not damp ; you could walk without wraps, and go from a hot Playhouse to sit on the Boulevards and eat Ice without any harm ensuing. We led so active a life at Paris that even my curiosity is satisfied that I saw everything most worthy of notice. You must come abroad to know what sculpture and what grandeur is, what good it would do the Fred-Williams— And whatever Kate Evans may fancy, she would find great instruction and advantages in quitting her Books and making her own observations. This Hotel du Prince de Condé is delightful, we have been pretty fortunate in our Beds ; a few fleas of course, but altho' we have been obliged to remain at bad Inns we have only suffered twice from Bugs, and then Eddy and Jones were the only Sufferers. I hope you will always write, as I fear the conveyance of letters will not now be so certain. I should imagine ten days would bring them from London to Lausanne, my dearest Mother.

Yr. very affecte.

MARY ELIZTH. GREATHED.

Lausanne was reached—and, ultimately, Uddens. There Mr. and Mrs. Greathed lived, happily occupied, in leading a country life and bringing up their many children. There still hangs her very attractive portrait by Phillips—surrounded by those of her five sons. War still had its anxieties for her—since one of these sons fell in the attack on Sevastopol. Three others bore themselves gallantly during the siege of Delhi—where one of them died on the day before the final attack, and another was gravely wounded in that action. To be the mother of men distinguished even amongst those who fought and conquered before Delhi and Lucknow, Agra and Cawnpore—of sons who from abroad wrote to her at home on every possible occasion through all their years of service—was the joy of her life, until it closed in 1864. And we know that she read these words which, on 3rd December, 1857, were used by Lord Portman in moving an address in answer to the Queen's Speech from the throne :

‘What shall I say of the sufferings which the people of this country who have relatives in India have endured ? One case may illustrate many. I am acquainted with one ¹ who is a widowed mother who had to grieve over the loss of one of her sons in the last war.² Three other sons—the only other sons that she had—

¹ Mrs. Greathed, of Uddens.

² George Greathed, Lieutenant R.N., killed at Sevastopol, 1854.

were before Delhi. One was shot down before the Cashmere Gate,¹ but still lives; another fell a victim to his anxiety in the discharge of his duty,² and was carried away by the cholera; the third is one of the most distinguished of our Generals,³ and the leader of a column.'

After many a foughten field those two sons sleep in sheltered silence beside their Mother and Father in the shadow of Hampreston Church—yet the echo of the guns she heard on the eve of Waterloo does not yet die away.

¹ Lieut. W. H. Greathed, Bengal Engineers—afterwards C.B. and Major-General, R.E.—father of Lady Darling.

² Hervey Greathed, Bengal Civil Service, Commissioner for Delhi, died in the camp on the Ridge, the very day before the victorious storming of the town.

³ Sir Edward Greathed, Lieut.-General, K.C.B.

'IN A GLASS DARKLY.'

BY JANE H. FINDLATER.

ANNIE sat at the kitchen table turning over the thumbled leaves of her Dream Book. Every few minutes she would lick her thumb and turn another page in search of what she wanted. Her vague blue eyes did not look carefully at the printed pages, she only glanced over them and then gazed out into vacancy. All round her in the farm kitchen there was a clutter of work that wanted doing; but Annie did not seem to notice this. A pot of broth had boiled over and a long stream of barley was mixed with the embers of the dying fire. Three hens came pecketing in through the open door and found abundant crumbs under the table to justify their quest. A thin yellow cat jumped upon the dresser, where a lump of butter rewarded his daring—he licked away at it unnoticed. Annie was muttering to herself:

'Dreams aye go by contraries—sae an auld body happit in a shawl, maun be a young lassie wi'oot a shawl. Sic a dreamin' as I had the nicht on yon auld body! She was aye ayont me ayont me, wi' her heid happit in her bit shawlie. Ne'er a keek did I get at the face o' her—sae it's a lassie that I dinna ken' . . . She broke off her mutterings and gazed out through the open door at the hillside opposite.

The farm stood high on one side of a little valley. It looked at a distance like a fortified place, so squarely it rose out of the ground. A dark noiseless stream slipped along the valley below like a river of oil, gathering every here and there into deep black pools. Annie's red-haired children played all day on the green slopes of the valley and by the rushy banks of the stream. There were three of them, stocky little creatures who took after their father and seemed to have nothing in them of their mother's dreamy imaginative nature. Annie had Highland blood in her, though she had been brought up in the Lowlands; a mass of superstitions, terrors and fancies, made her life a burden. She doted on her children with an almost mad tenderness and would have hampered their lives in a dozen ways by her over-

apprehension if their father had not come to the aid of his offspring and maintained that they must have some liberty.

'Mind, Annie, burnt bairns dread the fire,' he would say. 'Let the bairns find oot for theirsels that the fire's hot and that knives cut—dinna be aye at them aboot ae thing and anither.'

'Eh, John! I'm feared o' them playin' by the burn—yon pool's awfae deep—deep an' cauld!' she cried with a shudder.

'Weel, tell them tae mind theirsels. Will's a big laddie, pit him in chairge o' wee Donnie and Maggie,' he persisted, and even made Will a grand fishing-rod out of a hazel spray, and showed him (before poor shuddering Annie) how to wriggle the worms on to the hook.

'John, John! ye'll mak him a cruel laddie!' she remonstrated.

'Hoots, wurms dinna feel—an' Will maun be a *man*,' was the father's retort. So many a worm was mangled on many a hook by Will's inexpert but determined fingers, and the stream was fished daily while the other children played on the bank.

This morning, while Annie sat conning her Dream Book in the untidy kitchen, her husband appeared at the door. He stood still there for a moment looking into the room.

'Annie, d'ye ken the time?' he asked then.

She started, making an inaudible reply to his question. He advanced to where she sat.

'It's near midday, lassie, and what about the dinner?'

His voice had an impatient ring in it (and no wonder), yet he had himself well in hand. Annie was expecting another child ere long and must be considered: she was fanciful at all times, but he knew that just now she was sure to be worse.

'Here, lassie, I'll light up the fire for ye,' he said. 'Is there no' a bit dry stick aboot?' He looked round in search of some kindlings in vain. Annie would not heed the fire; she stretched out her hand and clutched hold of her husband's arm.

'Eh, John! come here till I speak tae ye: I'm wantin' tae tell ye . . .'

'Weel? what is 't?'

'I had an awfae nicht, John! It was afore the sun rose I heard a soond ootbye clear as clear there was nae mistakin' it—it was a *pickin'* and a *scrapin'* and a *diggin'* o' a grave!'

Her voice rose into a scream at the last word, and she clapped her hand across her mouth as if to hold back the scream. John laid his hand kindly on her shoulder.

'Ye're no' weel, Annie—that's a'—ye mauna take fancies like yon.'

'It wasna fancy, John, I heard it plain as plain—pickin' and scrapin' an' diggin' o' a grave. God send it's no' you nor ane o' the bairns that's tae gang. It'll be me maist like, and the bairn that's comin'.'

'Havers, Annie! It was jist Rover scratchin' on the barn door the way he does whiles!' said John, to soothe her fears; but Annie went on:

'An' then I had sic a dreamin' on an auld body wi' her heid happit in a shawlie—aye ayont ayont me—she'd turn roond an' beckon on me, and then gang forrard a wee and beckon again—but I never saw the face o' her. Whatever did yon mean, John?'

'I'll get the doctor for ye, Annie,' he said desperately, 'ye canna be weel fancyin' like yon.'

Suddenly a sound in the distance made Annie look up in quick alarm: a thin agonised screaming which came nearer every moment.

Annie started to her feet and grasped the back of the chair to steady herself.

'There's mischief come tae the bairns!' she cried.

The next moment Will and Maggie rushed in, their little faces chalk-white with fear.

'Donnie fell intil the burn!' they screamed.

Annie turned one long look upon her husband, as if to say 'What did I tell you?' then darted out through the door and rushed down the steep bank to the river. The ground was rough and she stumbled as she ran, then would gather herself together and plunge on down the steep descent, screaming aloud in an ungovernable agony of distress.

John waited a moment to question the children as to where Donnie had fallen in, before he ran after his wife down the hillside; but by the time he reached the bank she had already waded waist-deep into the stream.

'Stop, Annie! Stop! Mind yersel!' he called as he plunged into the pool and caught at the child's dress with a long wooden hay-rake that he had brought with him.

'Eh, my bairn—my bonny bairn!' Annie cried.

Her husband's temper failed him a little now, for he called roughly to her:

'Haud yer tongue, Annie, and get oot o' the watter and gie me a hand.'

He drew the child to the bank and bent down over him.

'He's no deid; he'll come to yet,' he cried.

Annie waded out of the stream and came all white and dripping to where the child lay; but agitation made her quite useless—she could do nothing to help her husband, who was moving Donnie's arms backward and forward to promote respiration. She would, indeed, have interrupted this process in her frantic anxiety.

'Gie him tae me, John! Give me my ain bairn!' she cried.

'No' me, Annie; I'll no' let ye kill Donnie,' he answered stolidly without pausing for a moment in his exertions.

Annie stood beside him weeping, and assuring him that the child was dead: 'Did I no' hear his grave diggin' in the nicht?' she cried.

The other children, terrified by their mother's words and by the sight of Donnie still and white lying on the grass, stood and looked on in silence. For a long time John worked in vain, then at last a short gasping breath began to stir in the child's lungs.

'There! he's comin' to—he'll do fine, Annie—pit him til his bed wi' a warm drink and he'll no' be much the waur,' said John, lifting Donnie gently up from the ground.

In a moment Annie caught the child up into her arms.

'I'll carry him mysel. I maun hae my bairn—gie me my wee lambie!' she screamed.

'He's ower heavy for ye, Annie, let me tak' him,' John remonstrated.

But Annie was beyond the reach of reason. She hugged the child to her heart, covering his ice-cold little face with kisses as she toiled off up to the house. Every few yards she stumbled and almost fell under the weight of the burden she carried, then panted on and up till the farm was reached.

What a morning followed! In the disordered kitchen nothing could be found that was wanted. John had to light up the fire and prepare some sort of meal for himself and the children, while Annie, forgetful of everything else, sat by the fire with Donnie on her knee. She had stripped off his wet clothes, and he sat there a little naked blue image with chattering teeth and tear-stained eyes, being rubbed back to warmth with one of his father's old woollen shirts. All afternoon Annie went about the house almost crazy with joy; she could do nothing rightly and would break

out into strange wild snatches of old songs or psalms, singing whatever floated through her brain. And then by nightfall she took ill: the emotion of the morning and the strain of carrying Donnie up the hill had been too much for her. Through the night her child was prematurely born, a weak sickly baby, very unlike the three other children.

Annie recovered but slowly and sat about in the kitchen listless and weary. Her nervous fears for the children had been increased fourfold by Donnie's accident; she would have wished them never to be out of her sight. But unfortunately Annie had never taught them to obey either her wishes or her commands, so when she first bade and then prayed them to stay safely indoors, the children calmly disregarded her words and scampered off down the hillside to the stream. Then Annie appealed to their father for help: 'Are ye no' feared noo', John? an' Donnie sae near drooned?' she cried. But John refused to be afraid; what he was anxious about, however, was Annie's increased nervousness—if things went on like this she would never get better and might get worse, something must be done to put an end to her fears.

After long consultation with the doctor he decided to engage a young woman to look after the children and help in the house: this would give Annie less work and might keep her mind easier. He came in one morning and announced this project to his wife.

'Ye're no' fit tae wurk the noo, Annie,' he said, 'sae I've got a lassie tae help ye. Ye ken Jean Gilmour doon at the Howe? She's a fine stoot lass that can bake and scrub, and she's tae mind the bairns, the way ye'll no' be aye frettin' about them.'

Annie of course was doubtful about the arrangement. She always made difficulties.

'I've heard tell that Jean's fond o' the lads,' she said darkly.

'Maybe the lads are fond o' her,' laughed John. 'They say Sandy the ploughman at the Howe's coortin' her.'

'Oh weel, if she's got a lad it's better,' said Annie. 'They're aye mair settled-like when they're promised.'

She was, however, prepared to criticise the new-comer fiercely, and to resent her coming as a reflection upon herself. Few mothers admit that they cannot manage their children, few housewives allow that their work might be better done by another.

So Jean arrived to an atmosphere of hostility. She made her appearance early on that bright June morning—a tall good-

looking young woman, compact of health and capability. At one glance she took in the sorry kitchen, the sickly baby and poor Annie listless by the unswept hearth. Disorder is a sort of call to arms to women of capacity; she moved briskly to the fireplace and swept up the ashes before she had been two minutes in the house.

'Ye'll no' be feelin' able for much yet, Mistress,' she said. 'The kitchen's needin' a scrub: I'll get on my apron in a minit an' set to.'

Annie agreed languidly, and from her arm-chair watched in amazement as Jean scrubbed and scoured with tremendous energy. She rather wished to dismay this dauntless young worker, so she wailed out:

'There's an awfae washin' waitin' tae be done, and there's no' a scone in the hoose. I dinna ken hoo ye'll ever get through wi' it a'.'

'Oh, I'm no' feared o' work—I like it fine,' laughed Jean.

She put fresh logs on the fire, found the girdle and started to bake the scones before Annie had well instructed her where to find everything.

Just as the baking began the children came in from out of doors, filled with curiosity yet tongue-tied like most country children. Will sat down opposite Jean and stared straight at her without saying one word; Maggie, even more stricken with shyness, would not come forward into the kitchen, but stood with her finger in her mouth at the door; only Donnie had the courage to toddle across the floor and look up enquiringly into Jean's face. She smiled down at the child as she kneaded away at the dough.

'Weel, my braw wee mannie, would ye like a bit scone?' she asked him.

'Aye,' said Donnie, and the other children, drawn by this bait, drew near the table.

'See, I'll mak a "toddlie" for each o' ye,' said Jean, breaking off three fragments of dough from the lump on the board; 'and ye can pit them on the girdle yersels, the time I'm cuttin' oot the scones.'

This blissful arrangement won the day for Jean there and then. All doubts vanished from the minds of the children at sight of the three tiny scones which were already puffing up on the hot girdle and beginning to smell deliciously of burnt flour. They clustered round the table and clamoured to be allowed to help with the

rest of the baking ; but this was not allowed. 'Na, na, I'm no' tae spoil the scones, bairns,' she said, with a finality in her voice that they never heard in that of their mother. But Will, who was something of an insurgent by nature, made a grab at the dough and broke off another fragment from it. To his surprise Jean rapped his knuckles so sharply with the end of the rolling-pin that he howled aloud.

In a moment Annie sprang up out of her chair, flushed with anger.

'Dinna raise yer hand to my bairn !' she cried. Her vacant blue eyes blazed with anger. Jean looked at her in surprise.

'I didna hurt the bairn much, Mistress,' she said ; 'but if I'm tae mind them for ye, they maun heed what I tell them.'

But Annie's maternal jealousy was all ablaze ; she would not accept this statement.

'Ye're no' tae strike them,' she cried again.

Jean rested her hands among the flour for a moment and looked calmly into Annie's face.

'I only gied the laddie a wee bit rap on the knuckles,' she said.

'Ye'll no' dae it twice then,' Annie persisted, with a high-pitched hysteric note in her voice. There was a minute of silence. Jean kneaded on quietly at the dough before she spoke again, then she remarked :

'I'm thinkin' you and me winna gree, Mistress ; I'll finish the scones for ye, and then I'll jist be goin'.'

As matters had reached this sad crisis, John came into the kitchen, followed by his invariable companion, Rover, the big black collie.

'Weel, Jean, ye've come, and I'm verra glad ye are,' he said genially ; 'the wife's no' verra strong yet, ye'll be a grand help tae her.'

'I've come, but I'm just awa,' the girl answered.

John was taken aback by this sudden news. He looked from Jean to his wife and read a smouldering antagonism in her strange eyes : she had evidently decided not to like Jean for some reason. But he noted too the metamorphosis that the girl had worked already upon the kitchen, and he smelt the pleasant smell of newly baked bread—long absent from his home. Something must be done to retain the valuable services of this young woman.

'What's the quarrel atween ye ?' he asked.

'It's the bairns,' Jean answered, darkly.

'She lifted her hand tae Will!' Annie cried.

The children had of course been listening with all their ears to this dispute between their elders: Will was old enough to gather the gist of it all. He quickly decided to sink his grievance if by this means the fine new scone-maker might be kept from going away.

'She didna hurt me, Mither!' he piped in his shrill little voice. 'It was just sore a wee minit!'

John in this difficult situation as arbitrator took a wise course—he laughed. Jean laughed also; only Annie preserved an angry silence: she thought her husband was taking the part of the enemy. Then John with sense, but perhaps not with tact, added:

'If Jean can mak' the bairns mind their manners it'll be a good thing, Annie—they've been rinnin' wild this long time.'

Annie said nothing more; but the expression of her folded lips would have been eloquent of much to any closer observer than John.

The farm soon looked a very different place after Jean's arrival there. The kitchen was always clean now, the fire always bright. Meals, punctual and well cooked, smoked upon the table. Under this new régime Annie and the baby both began to improve in health, yet in spite of this Annie was not happy. Her dreams would have given Freud something to ponder: every morning as she sat nursing the baby by the fire while Jean scrubbed and baked, she gave the girl long-drawn out descriptions of these phantoms of the night. Jean made light of them all. 'I wonder ye'd heed them,' was her comment. Annie was rather nettled by this determined scepticism, and it was with a defiant note in her voice that she announced one morning:

'Ech! I had an awfae dreamin' the nicht, Jean!' The girl laughed aloud.

'Ye're aye dreamin'—what was it the nicht?'

'Ye'll maybe no' laugh when ye hear. I saw ye a' in white, Jean—I'm thinkin' ye were in yer shroud!'

Jean tossed her head. 'No' me! I'm no' thinkin' about my shroud the now—more like it was my weddin' goon ye saw me in!'

Annie caught at this suggestion. Valuable as Jean was, she

would not have been sorry to hear that she meant to go before long.

'Are ye gettin' married then?' she asked eagerly.

'Weel, there's two-three lads wantin' me,' Jean said, 'but I canna make up my mind about it.'

'Ye're weel aff for sweethearts,' Annie remarked with a sneer in her voice.

'Oh, I canna complain,' Jean answered calmly.

There was something exasperating in the girl's attitude, Annie thought; she was so conscious of her own capacity, so sure of her own methods, and now it seemed so sure of her charms. Annie jumped up from the chair by the fire with a movement of sudden impatience, and laid the baby into his cradle.

'I'll mak' the broth the day,' she announced. 'Gang ootbye and see the bairns arena in mischief. I can manage fine mysel noo.'

Jean looked faintly sceptical, but obeyed this order at once. Through the open door Annie heard the children hail Jean's appearance with shouts of joy: they were now the best of friends. A fresh dart of jealousy fastened itself in Annie's heart—did the bairns call out with pleasure when *she* came to look after them? . . . Well, the baby at least was still her own exclusive property, she thought, wholly dependent upon her, drawing its life from her. As she stepped about the kitchen Annie looked down fondly into the cradle where the child lay asleep, and smiled to herself. Then she set to work with unusual vigour, cutting up vegetables for broth: 'They'll no' say Jean's the only one can make good broth,' she thought vindictively, remembering how her husband and the children had praised Jean's cookery.

Annie was standing with her back to the door, and was so absorbed in her work that she did not hear a step come across the threshold. Only when a mumbling voice spoke behind her, she started and looked round. There, in the middle of the floor, stood Auld Meg, one of the terrors of Annie's life. She was a crazy old vagrant, who in more enlightened days would have been looked after by the Authorities; forty years ago Meg was allowed to roam over the countryside begging her bread from door to door and sleeping in barns and cow-sheds. Her appearance was much more alarming than anything she ever did or said, but the country people believed that Meg had the Evil Eye and dreaded her accordingly. One glint of her small darting eyes under the brim of a great black mushroom hat which

she always wore would extort whatever she asked from most of them.

Annie's heart stood still when she saw Meg actually standing beside her—what if she cast the Evil Eye upon the baby?

'Tea . . . hot water,' Meg grumbled, holding out a little tin kettle to Annie to be filled, and then seating herself calmly by the fireside to wait till the kettle boiled. Annie adroitly flung a shawl across the cradle as she passed to obey Meg's command—perhaps, she thought, Meg wouldn't notice the baby.

The old creature muttered away to herself meanwhile. 'No breid, no water, no life,' she would say, and then reverse the words and repeat, 'No life, no water, no breid' . . . Annie scarcely listened to her; she moved about between the table and the fire, apparently busy with her cooking, but in reality so agitated that she did not know in the least what she was doing. The moment Meg's little kettle boiled she lifted it off the fire and handed it to her:

'There, there's the water for ye,' she cried, hoping to hasten her going.

Meg rose from the chair, and to Annie's dismay her peering little eyes rested on the veiled cradle—it had roused her curiosity. She stooped down, lifted the shawl and gazed down at the sleeping child. This was too much for Annie altogether. She gave a loud scream and pushed Meg away from the cradle.

'Awa wi' ye! Dinna look at the bairn!' she cried.

Poor old Meg did not understand: she had not meant to do any harm; she was hurt and angry. Lifting her kettle she strode off towards the door; but before she went out, she turned round and pointed at the baby in the cradle.

Now indeed, thought Annie, all was over with her poor child. That dark glance from Meg, that lifted finger, could only mean one thing—the Evil Eye.

At the sound of Annie's scream, Jean came running into the house.

'What ails ye, Mistress?' she asked. 'Was it Auld Meg frightened ye?'

Annie had sunk down on her knees beside the cradle, and now was holding the baby to her heart and sobbing.

'She pit the Evil Eye on him!' she screamed.

'Havers, Mistress! Yon auld body canna harm ye. Come ootbye intil the fresh air, and gie the bairn tae me,' Jean urged.

But she urged in vain: Annie's fears had entirely got the upper hand of her reason, she would not stir from the house or relinquish the baby to Jean.

'Is the broth on?' Jean asked next, a little doubtfully.

'Aye, the broth's a' right,' Annie retorted, stung by the note of suspicion in the girl's voice.

'Weel then, I'll awa oot tae mind the bairns,' said Jean. She had her own ideas about the broth, but could not enquire any further as to its preparation.

The dinner that morning was a tragedy. After the first mouthful that passed his lips John laid down his spoon.

'Whatever's in the broth?' he asked.

Annie, still pale and distraught, made no reply. Jean tasted the broth and shook her head.

'Ye'll no' can eat it,' she pronounced. 'There's been soda pit intil't for salt.'

John pushed back his chair from the table in anger.

'A man needs his meat,' he growled. 'Wha made the broth?' There was a moment of painful silence.

'I made them,' Annie confessed. 'I was that pit aboot by Auld Meg I didna think what I was doin'. She's owerlooked the bairn, John!'

John could scarcely be expected to receive with meekness this explanation of his ruined meal. He swore roundly and turned to Jean for assistance.

'Can ye no' get me onything?' he asked.

She jumped up and threw some fresh wood upon the fire.

'Ye'll hae a fine dish o' ham and eggs in a minit,' she said.

As the eggs were sizzling in the pan, John was foolish enough to say to his wife:

'Best leave the cookin' tae Jean, she aye does it weel.'

Annie folded her lips, but made no retort.

Next day the baby ailed and wailed. Annie walked up and down the kitchen all morning, rocking him in her arms and moaning to Jean: 'Did I no' tell ye? She pit the Evil Eye on him as she gaed oot at the door.'

'I wonder tae hear ye, Mistress,' said Jean. 'And you wi' fower bairns! Ye ken a bairn maun aye ail when the mither's pit aboot. I've heard my grannie say that, many's the time.'

But Annie was too superstitious to assign the child's illness to

any such natural cause. She looked into the tiny flushed face of her nursling and shivered: mysterious powers of darkness were, she thought, tormenting him. In her distress she instinctively turned to Jean for help.

'Whatever can I dae wi' him?' she cried.

Jean was a young woman of resource if not over-scrupulous. She took in the situation as clearly as any psycho-analyst and quickly devised a cure.

'I mind what my grannie did for one that was ower-lookit,' she said without a moment's hesitation, 'and I'll get it for ye. Pit the bairn doon in the cradle; I'll be back in a wee while.'

She ran out of the house as she spoke. Annie waited her return with trembling eagerness. In a very few minutes Jean came back, carrying in her hand a small roughly made cross formed out of thorn twigs. This she laid upon the cradle where the child lay, and Annie, haggard and wild-eyed, looked on.

'There's nothing can harm the bairn noo,' Jean declared; 'sae ye can sit doon an' rest, Mistress. Maybe ye'll get a bit sleep and waken braw and weel. I'll look after the bairn.'

Annie sank down into her chair and closed her eyes, infinitely relieved. The cradle rocked back and forward with a restful sound that was just perceptible, and before many minutes the mother and child were both sound asleep. Jean smiled to herself: 'It's weel I thought on it,' she said, 'and she'll niver ken it was a' a make-up aboot grannie.'

For a week or so Annie revived under the belief that the Evil Eye had been averted. The little thorn cross hung above the cradle and seemed to have fulfilled its purpose. But like the true neurotic that she was, no sooner had one of Annie's terrors been cut down than another sprang up. This time it was what she called 'a warning.' It came in the curiously unalarming shape of a robin. The autumn days were growing colder now, and robins had begun to pipe their wintry songs from every bush. The children loved these cheerful little birds, so friendly to mankind, and were always feeding them with crumbs. To Annie's dismay one of them hopped into the kitchen, bright-eyed and fearless—he even fluttered up on to the table to peck at the loaf. With a scream Annie drove the bird away.

'There's aye a deith where a robin comes intil a hoose,' she wailed.

The incident made her moody all the rest of the day, nor could Jean's assurances that the children had tamed the bird do anything to allay her fears.

'It's no' that—it's a warning,' she persisted.

Unfortunately that robin was very bold. He would not believe himself unwelcome, but came hopping in on his wire-like black legs whenever the door was left open. Annie then shut the door: to her infinite terror he came and pecked imperiously upon the window-pane. She looked up and spoke:

'Aye, my birdie, I ken yer meanin' fine—I'm tae be awa' afore the New Year!'

Poor soul, worn out by a thousand nameless fears, she now almost welcomed the thought of this approaching rest. Turning her hollow eyes on Jean with a weary stare, she cried out:

'Ech! Whiles I think it would be braw tae die!'

'Deed no', Mistress; it's braw tae live,' Jean responded with robust conviction in her tone.

At the moment she was heartily sorry for Annie, but she knew by this time that it was useless to try to argue down these terrors: they had to be circumvented in more subtle ways. The immediate problem then was the robin, for each day that he appeared at the window Annie's conviction of her own approaching death became more fixed. It did not take long for Jean to dispose of the difficulty. She went out a few minutes later, closing the door after her.

'Puss, Puss, Puss!' she called softly, till from among the hay in the barn came the big yellow cat.

'Come awa, Pussie, there's a job for ye here,' said Jean with a note of regret in her voice. . . .

The children looked in vain for their robin that afternoon: he was not to be seen anywhere. Jean had swept up a handful of red feathers on a shovel and thrown them into the fire when Annie wasn't there. The yellow cat lay in the sunshine and licked his lips.

But it would have taken more than the disappearance of the robin to drive from Annie's memory the rooted fear that her own death was near at hand. As autumn began to close in, with shorter days and longer nights, the idea grew and strengthened in her mind: she was always speaking about it to Jean—she dreamed for three nights running that she saw herself clothed for

the grave; then she saw the 'death-lights' hover above the house one night; then Rover howled another night and that, she said, was a sure presage of death. . . . Jean, in her youth and health, could not really take in all the mental distress that lay behind such ideas, but she tried kindly enough to distract Annie from them with cheerful talk, and to laugh away her fears as best she could. 'The bairns divert the puir body maist,' she said to herself with great wisdom, seeing how Annie's whole heart was set upon her children. She therefore urged her to begin to make winter clothes for them, and they went together to the village shop three miles away to buy materials. Even this faint excitement roused Annie a little, and seeing the partial success of her scheme, Jean thought she would go farther with it. As they stood in the shop looking at bits of tweed and flannel Jean's eye had rested on a barrel of apples and another of nuts.

'Would it no' be fine tae buy thae braw red apples for the bairns, and nuts for Hallowe'en?' she asked.

Annie hesitated a moment, and Jean urged again:

'They'd like fine tae dook for apples, Mistress. I mind when I was a bairn mysel Hallowe'en wasna Hallowe'en wi'oot apples.'

Annie did not need much more persuasion, so the apples and nuts were ordered; but on the walk back Jean mooted another and more ambitious scheme.

'What for d'ye no' gie a party for Hallowe'en?' she asked.

Such an idea had never occurred to Annie, and she said so. Jean then began to enlarge on the pleasures of party-giving: the autumn evenings were long and dull, she said, there were plenty of lads and lassies who would enjoy a party. They might have a little dancing after the ducking for apples and the burning of nuts had been finished with. . . . At first Annie shook her head over the scheme, but as Jean enlarged upon it she too began to kindle to the idea; it gave her something new to think about.

In making this suggestion Jean did not think altogether of poor Annie—she had, as the saying goes, other fish to fry also. The fact was, that although Jean had two or three different suitors, the man she really wanted had not yet declared himself. Now, she thought, if she could get him asked to this party it would be a test of his liking for her: if he came all might yet be well, if he stayed away it would prove conclusively that he was indifferent to her. . . .

The mere discussion of this proposed party brought to Annie one of those fleeting and pitiful intervals of relief from their own oppressed consciousness that come to nervous sufferers.

'Ech! I'm better the day!' she exclaimed, as if a weight had rolled off from her shoulders.

'Tae be sure ye are!' said Jean heartily, though glancing at Annie's wasted face she distrusted her own brave words. In the last few weeks a noticeable change had come over Annie's expression—the haunting thought that she was going to die ere long had printed a look of terror in her eyes, she was like a trapped creature shrinking before its captor. Yet in the temporary relief that came to her with any change of thought she looked suddenly better and brighter. Laughing, she asked Jean whether on Hallowe'en night she meant to look in the glass and see who was to be her future husband? Jean tossed her head. 'No' me! I dinna believe in sic things—only for the fun o' them ye ken. I've lookit in the glass many's the time wi'oot seein' onybody.'

'Maybe ye'll see him this time, Jean?'

'Deed I wish I would!' Jean cried with entire sincerity.

Invitations for the party were given by word of mouth to quite a number of young people, who all were eager to come to it. Annie and Jean had a great deal to do getting the house in order and preparing food and drink for so many people, but the stir and extra occupation seemed to have a good effect upon Annie's nerves and all appeared to be going well.

Suddenly, on the morning of the party, however, she came downstairs looking white and distraught, passing her hand ceaselessly across her eyes as if to brush away something that was clouding her vision, and crouched down beside the fire.

'I'm no' for ony meat the day,' she announced. 'I've had a warning.'

Jean came up to where she sat and laid a kindly hand upon her shoulder.

'It's meat and drink ye're wantin',' she told her. 'Come awa' tae the table and have a drop tea.'

'Na, na, no' the day. I heard the deith-cryin' in the night—awfae cries they were!'

'It would jist be the owls ootbye,' said the robust Jean; 'whiles I canna sleep mysel wi' their hootin'.'

Annie shook her head.

'D'ye no' think I ken an owl, lassie? It wasna that—it was a deith-cryin. There's them that hear it and them that canna: my mither aye heard it afore a deith and I'm the same.'

John came tramping into the kitchen at this moment, followed by a great gust of bitter wind blowing in off the hillside. He glanced at his wife, and in a moment recognised the dreaded signs of mental distress in her face.

'I'm wantin' my parritch,' he said curtly.

Annie did not move; she gazed past him as if he were not there, and said listlessly:

'Jean'll gie ye them.'

Well indeed it was that Jean was there, or there would have been no breakfast for anyone. Annie was so bedevilled by the fancied warning of the night before that she would not stir from the fireside. Jean in an effort to rouse her, lifted the baby out of the cradle and laid him in her arms; but Annie only looked down at him and whispered:

'Yer mither'll soon be cauld in the kirkyard, and maybe ye'll come wi' her?'

Jean was in despair: what would happen if Annie's mood didn't change before the evening? All she could do was to keep up conversation as best she could, not letting Annie sit in silence. So as she moved about the kitchen she asked with a laugh:

'Sae ye think I'm tae see my lad in the glass the nicht, Mistress?' In spite of her laugh there was a touch of wistfulness in her voice as she put the question.

'Aye, maist like ye'll see him, Jean.'

'Whatna glass will I bring doon for it, Mistress?'

'Bring down the big glass frae the wall in my room, Jean, ye'll see clear in it. I got it for my ain weddin'.'

'That's no' tae say I'll see *my* lad intilt,' sighed Jean.

'Aye, ye'll see yer lad; but maybe he'll no' be the lad ye think tae see.'

Jean looked at her in surprise, a little awed by the prophetic ring that there was in her voice.

'What mak's ye think that?' she asked curiously.

After a moment of silence Annie answered:

'I see ayont, Jean.'

A few hours later the party was in full swing: the very rafters

rang to the shouting and merriment. Apples had been ducked for, nuts had been burned, and now with much jesting the lassies were being sent out one by one into the dark little passage where, by the light of a single candle, each was to look in the glass and see her future husband.

'I'm no' goin' tae look,' Jean declared.

The evening as far as she was concerned had been a failure, for the one man she wanted to see was not of the company—he had not come—so why look in the glass, she said to herself? But she was not allowed to refuse. The lads crowded round her, merry and insistent.

'Ye maun gang oot and look, Jean!'

'Are ye feared what ye'll see?'

'Is he no' here the nicht?' they cried, jeering at her.

At last, when she could hold back no longer, Jean went out into the passage and the door was shut behind her. It was very cold; the candle guttering in the draught scarcely lit up the dim surface of the glass that hung upon the wall. Jean was cross and mortified: she stood looking at herself for a minute or two while she listened to the noise and laughter that was going on in the kitchen. The words Annie had spoken to her in the morning came back into her mind: '*Ye'll see yer lad; but maybe he'll no' be the lad ye think tae see*'—what had Annie meant? Was it possible that Annie guessed who she wanted to see? Jean's pride was up in arms at the very idea that anyone could divine her secret, could think that she cared for a man who did not even trouble to come to the Hallowe'en party to see her! Wounded pride is hard to bear, and Jean's eyes brimmed up with tears of mortification. She brushed them away: 'I'll tak' anither jo—there's plenty that *I* can tak' my choice frae,' she thought proudly. . . .

As she stood there the outer door opened and John came into the passage. He had been looking after the horses, and was carrying the big stable lantern; its brilliant light flashed across the dark surface of the mirror. For a moment Jean saw the man's face, like a picture in its frame, reflected deep down in the glass. She turned away, and stumbled back laughing into the kitchen.

'It's a' stuff an' nonsense yon!' she cried. 'I saw naebody but jist the Maister there, and his big black dog!'

There was a shout of derisive laughter from the waiting company, and cries of:

'Ye maun keek again, Jean!'

'Maybe ye'll see yer lad this time!'

But suddenly another sound was heard—a thin trembling scream that pierced through the babble of voices like a knife. It was Annie who had screamed, and now she fell back fainting in her chair. She lay there with closed eyes, gasping for breath. The whole merry company was struck silent. In the room, a moment before so noisy, there was not a sound now but the painful coming and going of Annie's breath. John ran forward and supported her while Jean held a glass of water to her lips: she swallowed a few drops, and life seemed to flutter back into her face for a moment. Her eyes opened; they rested on Jean, who was bending over her: a long, strange look passed between the two women. With her last breath Annie cried:

'Be kind to my bairns, Jean.'

[The author desires to acknowledge her indebtedness to 'O. Douglas' for giving her the main outline of this story.]

'THE WISEST FOOL . . .'

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

EVIDENCE IN FAVOUR OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS BEING THE
LAST MONARCH OF THE HOUSE OF STUART.

AFTER describing the peculiarities of the dress of James the First of England, in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, Scott observes :

'But such inconsistencies in dress and appointments were mere outward types of those which existed in the royal character; rendering it a subject of doubt amongst his contemporaries and bequeathing it as a problem to future historians.'

About seven years later, in 1830, the key to this problem was apparently discovered; and although Scott did not die until two years after, he does not appear to have heard of it.

Those who have visited Edinburgh Castle will remember that to the left of the door by which they enter Queen Mary's apartments in the Palace, is a smaller door. Standing a little way back from this, one may observe a block of stone rather larger than the surrounding blocks in the same wall; it is placed a little above this doorway, about midway between the doorposts. In 1830, after a fire in the Palace, workmen were testing this wall to ascertain the extent of the damage, and percussing this stone, found the note indicated a cavity behind it.

The stone was removed, and behind it was a small oak coffin containing the body of an infant wrapped in costly materials. Two initials were embroidered on the material, one of which was definitely I; about the other there seems a difference of opinion. The little coffin with its contents was returned to its resting-place and the stone replaced. Not, however, before two fragments of the discovery had been abstracted—one by a young man of the name of M'Kerlie, for his private museum, and one to go to the Museum of Scottish Antiquities. It may have some significance that the latter has been lost; it would be interesting to know what has become of the former.

The room in the wall of which this discovery was made was

the ante-room to Queen Mary's bedchamber. It is now the room where the Crown Jewels are kept.

The wing in which these rooms are situated was built by James the Fifth, between the years 1524-42. His Queen, Mary of Guise, was their first occupant. After her came Queen Mary and her husband, Lord Darnley; and after them, no one of paramount importance.

The contemporary literature concerning this incident is extremely scanty; in fact, the affair seems to have been consciously hushed up. The references to the subject between then and 1928 are so few that they can conveniently be given here.

In *Archaeologia Scotica*, IV, Appendix 2, p. 14, Edinburgh, February 14, 1831, there is a note that Captain J. G. Alexander had given an

'Account of the discovery in the wall of the Ancient Palace in the Castle of Edinburgh of the remains of a child wrapped in a shroud of cloth-of-gold and silk, and having the letter J or I embroidered thereon.'

The account itself is not given.

P. H. M'Kerlie, in a pamphlet on the Earldom of Mar, published some years after the incident, gives a few paragraphs to the subject.

He was, as a lad, drilling at the garrison when the discovery was made, and was an eye-witness of the event, and took enough interest in it to purloin a fragment (presumably of the contents of the coffin) for his own private collection of curiosities. He says:

'The coffin was built into the centre of the ante-room wall, now called the Crown Room, which leads into Queen Mary's room. . . . The wall was built up, and my story remains unrevealed. The coffin being built into the wall, concealment of the closest character was evidently the object.'

The coffin was of oak and of good workmanship. The materials in which the body had been wrapped were of the finest description, conveying that the child was of high origin.

Mr. M'Kerlie gave the account because he considered himself the last living witness of the event.

On June 7, 1884, Major Gore Booth wrote in the *Scotsman*, 'Recent Exploration in Edinburgh Castle,' in which the discovery is described; and in December, 1888, the same paper

published an article and some correspondence upon the subject. Grant, in *Old and New Edinburgh*, gives the same story.

In more recent years, in October, 1903, the Dowager Lady Forbes wrote in *Chambers's Journal* a most interesting account of 'The Mystery of the Coffin in the Wall,' which literally bursts with information and suggestion. We shall have occasion to refer to this later. Mr. W. B. Woodgate has also gone somewhat deeply into the matter in *Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman*; and lastly, in 1928, Mr. Grant R. Francis, F.S.A., in *Scotland's Royal Line*, has given an interesting history of the event, and brought forward some fascinating explanations; one of which it would be convenient to demolish at once so that it will not later interfere with the current of one's thoughts upon the subject.

Mr. Grant Francis suggests, if I read him aright, that the little oak coffin may be a reliquary, and the infant a relic, concealed in the castle wall for safety during the Protestant riots, and forgotten.

A small oak coffin is not in the nature of a 'reliquary,' nor is the complete body of a very small child in the nature of a 'relic.' For such an explanation one might as well dive into an eel-trap for pearls.

Now we may proceed with the main line of interest.

There is one point on which all these writers agree, and that point is that the infant was no other than Queen Mary's son, born on June 19, 1566.

These are their reasons.

Long before this body was found rumours were current that James VI was not the real son of Mary; two separate families indeed laid claim to him.

Of the Royal inhabitants of the Castle Palace, Mary and Darnley are the most likely to have been connected with the mystery. The children of James V and Mary of Guise can all be accounted for: James V had such a public profusion of mistresses and natural children that, had one died or been born dead, it would have received decent burial without secrecy. Had the child been any but of great importance it would not have received so much attention as to its coverings and place of concealment; the Nor' Loch would have served its purpose. And no persons of great importance, as mentioned before, inhabited the Palace after Queen Mary and Lord Darnley.

The room in the wall of which the body was discovered was the one leading to Queen Mary's bedchamber.

It is agreed that the coverings were of rich cloth-of-gold and silk, but there is some difference of opinion, as already mentioned, as to what the embroidered initials were.

This is Lady Forbes' statement upon the subject:

'The description of the material used for the shroud is suggestive of some portion of a vestment with the letters I.H.S. The Queen having her oratory and the usual accessories for celebrating Mass, it would be, according to the opinion of a dignitary of the Church, the most likely thing, under the circumstances, to make use of.'

To this it may be added that in 1562, when the 'Cock of the North,' the Earl of Huntley, was defeated by Mary in person, his castle of Strathbogie was taken and his possessions forfeited; a number of Church vestments—sent to Strathbogie from the Cathedral of Aberdeen for safety during the Reformation riots—were among the booty. Of these, Queen Mary had, according to the editor of her *Inventories*, ten pieces of caps, chasubles and tunicles; and later of these, 'ane cap, a chasuble, four tunicles' were cut up in Mary's presence to make a bed for the King. What more likely than that one piece had been used to swathe the infant?

Mr. Francis says boldly that the initials were J R, while Mr. M'Kerlie, who saw them when he was young and his eyesight good, says there were two initials, the first of which was I. From him it is to be inferred that the other was illegible. All agree that the first letter was J or I, which in those days were identical.

In 1566 the belief in the Divine Right of Kings was alive, so that the disposal of the body of an heir to the throne would be a serious matter, and warrant the use of cloth-of-gold and strong oak and good workmanship. Moreover, it is quite possible that the initials were J P, and intended for identification if necessary. In that case the baby was not only born alive, but baptised. There was obviously some very good reason for taking so much trouble about an infant in the sixteenth century in Scotland, where civilisation was practically in its own infancy.

Before the birth of the prince he was expected to be still-born, or die shortly after birth. These forebodings were due to the depressing experiences, shocks, and exertions undergone by his mother throughout the whole course of her pregnancy; it may be that here a résumé of these troubles will not be out of place.

To begin with, there was the general unpleasantness of her husband, Lord Darnley, developing later into treachery, in which

he entered into a conspiracy with her Lords against her—against her life, if these Lords thought fit—and culminating in the foul murder of Rizzio, in the 'bloody tumult' of which Mary narrowly escaped being stabbed.

'In this bloody tumult and press one of Ruthven's followers offered to fix his poniard in the Queen's left side, then very big bellied with the King's majesty, our now sovereign lord, which Standen by nearness of her well advising, turned aside by laying a grip upon the dagger, wrested from the traitor, by which means (though with exposing his own), Standen saved two lives together, a service by both King and Queen taken such notice of as after, while they lived, their Majesties esteemed and valued accordingly.'¹

At the birth of the prince, 'in acknowledgment of Standen's services it pleased the King, by the Queen's appointment, to honour him with the order of knighthood.'¹

There is evidence to show that Mary herself expected trouble of some description at her delivery, in consequence of 'The fright and fears she had conceived and sustained in the garboils and pains of her journey.'²

If these reasonable forebodings were realised, and the prince died soon after his birth and another infant was substituted, it is to be expected that the substitute would not excel in any hereditary characteristics of the Stuarts.

Nor did he. Of Mary's beauty, courage and graciousness there is no need to speak. Of Lord Darnley there are several contemporary descriptions which leave no doubt of his physical attractiveness.

Sir Robert Melville calls him 'handsome, beardless and lady-faced.'

Queen Mary said 'he was the properest and best-proportioned long man that ever she had seen; for he was of a high stature, long and small, even and straight.'

James's reputed mother sprang immediately from the Stuarts and the Guises, and further back from the Tudors; his reputed father from the Stuarts, Tudors and Douglasses—all royal and noble houses of ancient descent.

How does the description of James VI compare with those of the Stuarts or Tudors, or Guises or Douglasses, all (excepting the

¹ Extracts from Record Office State Papers, James I.

² MS. Cott. B, IV, 148.C.

Tudors) so distinguished in the annals of chivalry for beauty, courage and royal demeanour?

'His big head, his slobbering tongue, his quilted clothes, his rickety legs, . . . his want of personal dignity, his buffoonery, his coarseness of speech, his pedantry, his contemptible cowardice.'

Such is the picture of James I of England, VI of Scotland. In appearance, offensively ugly, with no redeeming expression of steadfastness, earnestness or dignity; in character, a contemptible coward, niggardly and grasping; in mind, a superstitious pedant who devoted his leisure to inventing tortures for 'witches.'

Here are a few extracts from Burton upon the subject: He was 'as fussy and pompous in expanding his rank and power before the eyes of the vulgar as the bourgeois *gentilhomme* of Molière; all the world knows what a bragging pedant he was.' He was 'ever playing tricks, by way of exercising himself in that chronic system of mendacity and deception which he chose to nourish as Kingcraft.' He 'wallowed in filth, moral and physical.'

Of James's Court:

'The meanness of those about him, his loathsome familiarities with them, his diseased curiosity about those things that rightly tempered minds only approach at the bidding of necessity and duty, his propensity to touch and stir whatever was rank and offensive, afforded to his malignant enemies the range over the whole scale of the sensual vices as their armoury.'

' . . . he seems to have indulged in continuous soaking after the German fashion than after the manner of his own countrymen, to have reserved his powers for deep drinking bouts.'

Sir Anthony Weldon tells us that James was of a timid disposition, and had his clothes well quilted for fear of the stiletto; he had large rolling eyes and a very thin beard; his tongue was too big for his mouth, which made drinking 'very uncomely,' the fluid pouring out into the cup 'on each side of his mouth.'

Instead of washing his hands he used to rub the tips of his fingers with the wet end of a napkin.

He was a pretty fellow indeed for any family to claim; nevertheless, two honourable families do claim him.

The main point is that James was no son of Queen Mary.

To whatever family he did belong, it was one that had the power of transmitting its facial peculiarities to its descendants; note the large melancholy eye-sockets of himself, Charles I, Elizabeth of Bohemia, his children; Charles II, James II and Prince

Rupert, his grandchildren ; Mary II and the Duke of Monmouth, his great-grandchildren. So it may be inferred that he inherited these from his own progenitors.

It is said that 'History acquits Mary of any apparent doubt that James was her own son'; and Mr. Francis appears to think that because Mary always alluded to James as her son, she really believed him to be so ; but if she wished, for political reasons, to uphold the imposture, could she possibly have done otherwise ?

While exonerating Queen Mary from any knowledge of the deception, he at the same time excuses the Earl of Mar for his part in the plot.

'It must not be forgotten that the death of (James) in the then state of the kingdom, and the absence of a direct heir, would at once plunge Scotland into an internecine struggle between no less than four contending factions, all with more or less reasonable claims to the succession ; and the action of the Earl and Countess of Mar would have some justification in the distracted state of the kingdom at the time, and in an endeavour to prevent its entire disruption under the conditions that might be expected to follow the death of a legitimate Prince Royal.'¹

And if the distracted state of the kingdom excused the Earl and Countess of Mar for their part in the deception, how much more would it excuse Mary, to whom the welfare of the nation was of so much more importance ?

Contrary to Mr. Francis's theory that Mary was ignorant of the substitution, there are many indications in the history of the times which lead one to infer that it took place with her entire knowledge and approbation.

In the first place, who but the baby's own mother would have had the little body shrouded as became a prince and so securely entombed ? And what so much as the loss of her own child could account for Mary's deep depression following so closely on the birth which had occasioned so much joy, and which continued from shortly after that birth up to the time of the public christening at Stirling ? It is recorded, too, that in the very early days of the infant's life he was jealously guarded in the Queen's own room, but a little later he was callously handed over to his wet-nurse and the Countess of Mar, after which Mary apparently lost all interest in him.

Very little significance has ever been attached to the 'secret' Queen Mary was so anxious to communicate to Queen Elizabeth.

¹ Extract from *The Royal Line of Scotland*.

Herries, Mary's representative at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, intimated that if Mary could see Elizabeth she would 'say that which she never yet had uttered to any creature.'¹

Also, in the report of Elizabeth's messenger Middlemore, who visited Mary at Carlisle, complaining of Elizabeth's refusal to see her, she said, 'I would and did mean to have uttered such matters unto her as I would have done to no other, nor never yet did to any.'²

To have been of any interest to Elizabeth this secret must have borne some relation to her: among the few interests the two Queens had in common, the successor to their kingdoms was the chief. It would certainly have interested Elizabeth to know that James, whom she was going to make her heir, was of no blood relationship.

But Elizabeth persistently refused to see her prisoner; possibly she was ashamed to meet her after betraying all the professions of friendship she had made previous to the Scottish Queen's defeat at Langside; possibly she may have been ashamed to meet the eyes of one who must have heard of the greedy glitter in her own when she handled the stolen jewels from Holyrood, and haggled over the price of them with 'The Good Regent Murray.'

Mary and Elizabeth never met; and as far as we know the secret went with Mary to the grave. It will be remembered she was refused a confessor during her last hours, otherwise it is possible the Royal Line of Stuart would have visibly ceased with Mary, thus fulfilling James V's prophecy, 'It came with a lass and it will go with a lass.'

In 1584, when James was eighteen years old, in consideration for a small pension from Elizabeth he abandoned his mother's cause, and she, writing to Elizabeth, denounced him for outraging the laws of filial obedience and incurring the wrath of God, and threatened to disinherit him. Mary knew quite well that, constitutionally, if he were her own son, she could not disinherit him; nevertheless, she says:

'Si je persiste a loui donner pour jamais ma malediction, et le priver, autant q'il sera en moy, de tout bien et grandeur que, par mois, il peut pretendre, ny en Ecosse ny ailleurs.'

Two years later, on the scaffold, she sent this significant message to James: 'Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his Kingdom of Scotland.'

¹ Anderson, 4, 18.

² Labanoff, 11, 87.

What could the poor prisoner have done ? Nothing. But she might have *said* he was a changeling, and thus prejudiced 'his Kingdom of Scotland.'

The seal of secrecy was certainly on everyone who took part in the plot, and the success with which the secret had been preserved rather indicates a Catholic origin. 'They do these things better in Rome.' Indeed, it would not be surprising to learn that somewhere in the archives of the Vatican there is a detailed account of the whole proceedings.

It is possible that Queen Mary derived some satisfaction from the knowledge that she had finally duped her enemies, and was providing a spurious prince of unknown origin to inherit the fair dominions of Elizabeth—a really sublime revenge for all the insults heaped upon her unprotected head.

Her own conscience would exculpate her, as she had offered to divulge the secret and her overture had been repulsed.

Whether James himself knew he was an impostor it is difficult to say. He was certainly uneasy—some vague hints had probably reached his ears ; a threat of exposure may account for some of his very foolish and inexplicable acts ; and his lukewarm protests against the Queen's execution, and evident relief at her death, look amazingly suspicious.

'For very decency,' says Burton, 'it was necessary that he should say something.' What he did say was, 'She must drink what she has brewed.'

So we arrive at the conclusion that James was a substitute, Queen Mary knew he was, and he probably guessed he was.

The question now remains—who was he ?

For many generations there has been a tradition in the Mar family that the child substituted was a son of that Earl of Mar into whose charge he passed from the hands of his supposed mother.

The points adduced in favour of this claim are that the Countess of Mar was devoted to the child, and that he strongly resembled her son John.

The solicitude of Lady Mar for the infant, which, Mr. Francis observes, 'has been commented on by several historians,' is no evidence of maternal relationship. A mother who has taken another's baby usually does develop a great affection for it ; it is the expression of a racial instinct for protecting the young, developed not only in human beings, but in lower forms of animal

life; one example of which is the agitation of a hen when a brood of ducklings she had hatched first takes to the water, and leaves her ruffling her feathers and cackling on the bank.

But Sir Robert Melville of Halhill, who came in contact with the Countess and the King, says that she was in great awe of him. A mother does not usually stand in great awe of her son even when he is a king.

With regard to the striking resemblance between the King and the Earl of Mar's son John, there does not seem to be any contemporary evidence; however, Mr. Grant Francis, in proof of the likeness, presents us with the portraits of the two gentlemen—portraits about as unlike as any two grown men can be. As they are reproduced in black and white, one cannot compare their colouring; but in nearly every other respect, as we shall show, the faces are entirely dissimilar.

This is Mr. Francis's statement concerning the pictures:

'The features of James VI, as shown in the portrait (believed to be by J. Hoskins) in the collection of Mr. V. B. Crowther-Beynon, F.S.A., to whom I am indebted for permission to reproduce it and for calling my attention to the suggestion of substitution, are admittedly totally dissimilar to those of his Stuart predecessors.'

With this we quite agree; but

'if we compare the portrait of James the Sixth with that of John, second Earl of Mar, which is reproduced with it, we find a likeness which is so extraordinary as to lend very great support to the suggested substitution.'

With this we totally disagree.

Take at first the general resemblance of the pictures. Each subject has a ruff, each has a moustache and each has a beard, merely indicating the fashion of the period in which they lived. The face of James is short and square, that of Mar long and oval. The forehead of James is square and low, that of Mar is round and high. James's eyebrows are straight in the inner half and outwardly curve downwards; Mar's are uniformly curved. The nose of James leaves his face at a more acute angle than does that of his alleged brother. The most obvious difference is in the eyes. Here James has a distinct advantage in symmetry; his eyes have a steady, equal gaze tinged with melancholy (a melancholy considerably developed in his son Charles I); Mar has a light-hearted, almost rollicking expression in his eyes, and the left

lower lid is slightly raised, implying that the vision in that eye was somewhat defective. James's upper lids are heavier than the lower; Mar's, vice versa. James has deeper eye-sockets. In James the internal canthus is higher than the external; in Mar's the external canthus is higher than the internal.

It is tedious, but the differences are not yet exhausted. A line drawn through the apex of the pinna of Mar's ear to the inner margin of the lobe is more vertical than a similar line in the case of James. And the angle of the jaw in Mar is, so far as one can judge through the adiposity of his cheek, wider than that of the King.

If there is any likeness at all it must lie in their mouths,—which are hidden by their beards.

So far as one can ascertain, the ancestors of the Mars were not remarkable for offensive ugliness, cowardice or buffoonery. So that if this claim be based on family likeness it is a very slender one.

Lady Forbes with no uncertain voice states, and produces a quantity of evidence in which family likeness is not stressed, to support her statement, that the pseudo-prince was the son of Lady Reres, wife of Arthur Reres of Forbes. This lady was certainly wet-nurse to James, and was in the Castle Palace being delivered almost simultaneously with the Queen; and there is no mention of what became of her own baby. The article written by Lady Forbes is full of reasons why James should be the son of Lady Reres and not the son of anyone else.

Curious coincidences do sometimes take place, and it would be a very curious conjunction of events if the Queen, Lady Mar and Lady Reres were at the same place at the same time each delivered of a son.

Who James was is still a mystery; but in our opinion any future investigator of his origin should, bearing in mind the boorish peculiarities of the King, remember the proximity of the Castle to the Cowgate, and the story of letting down a baby in a basket from the Castle window. If one child could be let down another could be drawn up.

K. HEANLEY.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY IN THE JUNGLES.

BY GEORGE HOGAN KNOWLES.

It was about the middle of April, on one occasion, when I took a fortnight's leave to join a shooting party that had been arranged by a Forest Officer and his wife, for some of their friends.

I was delighted at the prospects of shooting in the Ganges Forest Division—the Forest Officer's charge at the time—which was well known for big game. This beautiful stretch of country begins in the western Himalayas, near Hardwar (a great pilgrimage place for zealous Hindus) and comprises a considerable portion of the wild range of the lower hills that are situated on the north side of the great out-gate of the holy Ganges, as it emerges into the plains on its eastern course. On a cold winter's morning, the northern view along the banks of the river leaves an impression of wonderment never to be forgotten. Sometimes—seen through the illusion of a mist-laden morning—when the sun rises and dissolves the snow clouds on the higher mountains, the low, azure hills below, fringed with fleecy drifts of cloudlets, seem to come rolling forward—as if rebounding back from the looming mountain barrier—like high seas of foaming purple, threatening to swallow the distant plains.

Watered by the many mountain rivers that help to swell the mighty Ganges, this fertile, sub-Himalayan country is the home of the wild elephant, and the massively built tiger of northern India, whose fur for dazzling beauty—the male growing an appreciable mane—is famous throughout this vast peninsula, and even far beyond the confines of the awe-inspiring Himalayas.

The headquarters of the shooting party had been arranged at a camping ground known as 'Hathikund,' the pool of the elephant, situated in a wild part of the Forest Division.

After a long day's march on the back of an elephant—on my way to Hathikund—I arrived at a lonely, forest rest-house, a camping ground called 'Murghatti,' with its spacious clearing at the mouth of a wide valley, which opened suddenly to view as one's journey came to an abrupt end round a high spur. The 'Chowkidar,' or Care-keeper of the Forest Bungalow, was a lovable old veteran, who mothered every white man that happened to arrive

at this rather cheerless place, noted for a bad type of malaria fever. He burnt, round my arm-chair, the refuse (after extraction of oil) of the neem fruit—the neem tree possessing medicinal qualities in its leaves and fruit, which are very bitter—and anointed my hands and bare knees, below my shorts, with the nauseous oil. After the discomfort had passed, I was grateful, for the pugnacious mosquitoes decided to leave me strictly alone. Then the old fellow advised me to drink strong tea, and helped my servant to brew it, indulging in a big mugful himself, with a broad grin and an affable 'salaam.'

Later on in the evening, I found the fussy old man interfering with my sleeping arrangements. I was looking forward to an undisturbed night's rest. To my surprise I saw my bed, with my precious mosquito curtain trailing on the ground, being carried far outside the bungalow. It was dumped down in several places, and finally, carefully arranged on a clean spot of ground, quite near a large tree, under which the elephant was tethered. The Chowkidar remarked that I would be safest there, out in the open, as the bungalow was, for a time, under the influence of an evil spirit. On being questioned by me, he explained that, within the last ten days, he had killed two huge male cobras inside the house—each time late in the evening—and that, as the female snakes were sure to come in search of their mates, and wander through all the rooms at night, he advised my sleeping a good distance away from the bungalow, taking no risk, not even in the verandah.

In the habits of the 'spectacled terror' of India, it is firmly believed—and, with rare exceptions, I have found it true—that, if one of a pair is killed in a certain place, the other one will come there sooner or later—and to the very spot, where it will take up an aggressive attitude. This instinct, which seems to be peculiar to this variety of snake only, is a wonderful thing. It would naturally be supposed that the direction taken by one of a pair, and its whereabouts, after it has wandered at random from its abode in search of prey, could not be known to its mate at home. An uncanny sense of smell might give an explanation; but, after the lapse of days—which is usually the case before the living snake finds the spot where its mate was killed—it would be logical to presume that all traces of the missing snake had disappeared. I have disinfected carefully a whole room in which a cobra has been killed, and yet the mate has come to the precise spot.

The 'mahout' hailed my presence in his little encampment with delight; and, after we had all had a 'snack'—each in his own

fashion—we made a cheerful little party, with the elephant in our midst—to warn us against a prowling tiger—enjoying his dinner of unleavened bread; each large, baked cake being doubled up, with a lump of ‘goor’ (caked molasses) in between, and put into the elephant’s great mouth, with tender care, by his devoted keeper and driver. And then, under the refulgent stars of the heavens above, whose purple glow crept into the blackness of the jungle night, we listened to a thrilling tale of the North-West Frontier, told by the old Chowkidar—who had seen service as a stretcher-bearer in an ambulance corps—and one by one we fell asleep. But, what a myth seemed slumber! I seemed to have dozed but a few moments, when the maddening cry of that indolent bird, the ‘koel’ (the hot-weather songster), ‘brain fever, brain fever,’—which has made many an Englishman pack up quickly, and fly back to beloved Blighty before his time—and the sound of breaking branches, as the elephant cracked and chewed his fodder, seemed to be magically responsible for suddenly ushering in the dawn of a new summer’s day. I presented the old Chowkidar with a packet of tea—to his great delight—and we were well on the highway to Hathikund before the sun rose. By ten o’clock in the morning, there came into view a picturesque encampment of large white tents, pitched in a shady grove of trees, on the high bank of a wide, tributary river, called the ‘Sona Nadi,’ or river of gold, whose sands are washed for this precious metal.

That same afternoon, the Forest Officer proposed a visit to some pools up the river—about two miles from camp—for some fly-fishing. He was bent upon giving us a treat of ‘mahseer’ (the Indian salmon) for dinner that night, and felt very confident of a most enjoyable afternoon and a big ‘bag,’ as he remarked that the place was hard to beat. There were four of us left in camp; a Major and Mrs. B. making up our party. The other guests were all out in the jungles. We were delighted at the prospects, and, after some tea, we started off on two baggage elephants—the only ones not engaged—hustling them along to save time.

We had quite two to three hours of daylight before us, when we reached a sharp bend in the river, where the banks were beginning to get steep. Here we opened out our fishing tackle on some large flat rocks overlooking two big pools, the water falling into the lower one like a miniature cataract, which, half-way down its fall, was obstructed by a protruding grey rock that sent a huge

spray all over the wide surface of the pool. Caught by the rays of the afternoon sun, the spray fell like streaks of glittering rain. We were pleasurably entertained a few moments, watching a flight of sand-bank swallows diving low down, through the inviting spray and enjoying a bath.

While we were examining all the beautiful flies, trying to make a selection for the afternoon light and the particular season, Major B. scrambled down the high bank, and began to examine the wet sand along the edge of the water.

'As I thought,' he said on his return, 'there are tracks of many wild animals, including our friend, Hathi!' (the elephant). The sound of a waterfall is very attractive to all the animals, and, must often—to draw a logical conclusion—suggest a thirst when there is none in reality. 'What shall we do?' asked the Major—'fish or shoot? If we wait quietly on the top of this bank, we may get a shot at a tiger or a panther, or at least see something interesting. I never shoot over water,' he said, 'but perhaps for some particular carnivore that has become a danger to human life. There are some tracks of a big tiger down below.'

We turned down shooting with one accord; and, while the Forest Officer and Major B. took up their fishing rods, Mrs. B. and I armed ourselves with cameras, in the hope of securing some snapshots. We kept our rifles handy in case they might be needed.

While we were watching, with keen interest, the casts of the 'white moth' that Major B.—fishing just below us—was deftly making, I suddenly looked up and saw a small, black animal ferreting about at the edge of the water—to our left front—on our side of the river. Mrs. B. and I were almost facing a high bank, up-stream, which curved round like a semicircle. The Forest Officer was fishing a short distance farther downstream. The queer-looking animal had, apparently, come out of some high grass to our left, and had sneaked down the bank without our observing it. We thought it was an otter; but, as the animal approached nearer—we being well hidden and sitting perfectly still—we found it was a civet-cat, a nocturnal, carnivorous little animal. It seemed extremely inquisitive and excited about something, jumping up the bank where it seemed steepest, and slipping down again, with a gentle splash, into the running water. We became intensely interested. Presently it sat down and began to gaze intently at some holes in the bank above its head. Then it suddenly leaped up, clinging to the bank for a moment, with its fox-like snout inside a hole; but

there came a landslip of sand, and, at the same instant, a gorgeous kingfisher darted out of the hole. To catch the bird, the civet-cat made a desperate effort; but it fell down below, with the slip of sand, and, lying buried for a moment, it rolled into the water. Then it jumped up and shook itself so comically, that we had great difficulty in suppressing a laugh. Major B. happened to look up at that instant, and by silent head and eye movements, we induced him to glance over a boulder, below which he was screened. He immediately became interested too.

It seemed quite clear that the civet-cat was out hunting, the prey evidently being the eggs and the young of the poor water-birds that made holes in river-banks for their nests. Parent birds seemed to be the object as well, being entrapped in their holes and caught, unless little landslips hurled their enemy down the bank, and they were able to fly out.

The civet-cat was now concentrating its gaze on a larger hole, a little nearer our position. The Major had stopped fishing, and carefully hidden, the three of us were now absorbed in the study of a jungle drama, as fascinating among the lesser creatures as it is among the greater inhabitants of the jungle. The undaunted 'civet' stood up once or twice on to its hind legs, and sniffed, and then, bending low, made no mean a spring. It reached the hole, almost covering it; then, to our great surprise—'ugh,' exclaiming Mrs. B. with a horrified start—a huge snake, several feet long, shot out of the hole with the suddenness of lightning, just missing the civet-cat, which leapt off the bank to which it was clinging, with so absurd an appearance of shock that a burst of laughter escaped from us. That civet-cat seemed to be ultra-sensitive, for it disappeared with astonishing rapidity. Whether it was the snake, or the sound of human voices that gave it the fright of its life, it is difficult to say. We hoped, however, it would be a lesson to that particular carnivore, and that the poor river-birds would be spared its depredations in future. The snake, we guessed, was a 'Dhamin'; a common, non-poisonous colubrine, which, like the cobra, has a great partiality for birds' eggs and their young. How the snake managed to get into the hole seemed to be a puzzle.

Suddenly, the inspiring crackle of the reel down-stream, made us look round, feeling very guilty for having broken the soft melody of the splashing waterfall, and disturbed the Forest Officer, who was a keen fisherman; for, we saw his hand—which had apparently

been raised in warning—come down quickly on to the rod as the line ran out. A 'catch,' as it appeared, had taken our host by surprise, while he had been trying to attract our attention; evidently to reprimand our hilarity. Then the fisherman began to reel in, and his rod was bent almost double. 'A big "mahseer",' whispered Mrs. B., as she slipped down to the edge of the water and tiptoed to the Forest Officer, to help him with the net. The Major and I followed her quietly behind.

The 'mahseer' was fighting desperately, while the fisherman, with consummate skill, was defying his catch to break the line. The excitement was fairly at its height, when, suddenly, another thrill, in the sound of breaking branches across the river—where, in front of us, beyond a stretch of sand, the dark forest reared its vast canopy—drew our attention from the fishing, and made us look up, wrapt in the deepest interest. In the glow of the declining sun, the sand over which we gazed—about sixty or seventy paces wide—looked like a sheet of pale crimson. There seemed to be some unusual disturbance inside the jungle, and, while we were trying to guess the cause of it—prepared to see anything emerge, from a wild elephant to a herd of deer—there came the sound of a terrific stampede close to the open sand. It looked as if the animals were on the point of coming out, but we were disappointed. Every now and then, however, we could catch a glimpse of some large creatures running about at the edge of the jungle, just within cover. Then, suddenly, a 'sambhur' hind broke, and came galloping full speed across the stretch of sand, heading straight for our direction; but she swerved, and splashing into the river on the far side of the waterfall, she scrambled up the opposite bank and disappeared. The Forest Officer, though trying his best to play the 'mahseer' as quietly and as carefully as possible, could not help taking an interest with us, in watching the 'sambhur,' and lost his fish, which made a sudden dash for some rocks, entangling and snapping the line.

Our sympathies—almost simultaneously—went out for the poor fish, with the hook in its mouth; whereupon, we were immediately hard at work trying to suppress a hearty laugh at our good host's comments—humorously seasoned with sarcasm—on our alleged ingratitude. We were under cover of the all-pervading sound of the waterfall, and could indulge in an exchange of whispers, without disturbing any other animals that might again break cover and show themselves. Everything, however, seeming to have settled down in the jungle—but for an occasional crackle of dry wood—we entered

into our host's diversion, and some merry sparring went round. Our giggles became bolder, until a burst of merriment escaped Mrs. B. and myself. A loud noise in the jungle again bringing us to attention, the Major thought it time—with the likelihood before us of being able to see some more wild animals—to stop the frivolity; and, deserting Mrs. B. and myself, with the intention of being tactful in his arbitration, he decided the issue in favour of the aggrieved angler, by reminding us that it was our turn to suffer the pangs of disappointment, and 'fish' for our dinner. This seemed to subdue the angler—but to a point of danger; that is, an eyebrow lifted, as if a slight doubt were entertained as to the good faith of the arbitrator's sympathetic partiality. The pose was suggestive of quite a few other things, and we waited in awful suspense, while the aggrieved angler drew over his personality the cloak of lofty forbearance, and 'shuddered,' asking us to excuse his catching the Major's waggish spirit. But the drop of comfort intended for the fisherman, in the Major's festive 'jeu de mots,' had its due effect; for, though our host quieted us with a dignified 'hush,' he smiled at last, benevolently—with a touch of relish—and comforted us by explaining (*sotto voce*) that the 'mahseer' was a particular adept at working a hook out of its mouth, and that the discomfort of our escaped friend would be of short duration.

The Forest Officer was preparing to try his luck again, for a dainty dish for us for dinner that night, when another stampede, in the sound of crashing undergrowth, made us concentrate on the jungle. A baby sambhur rushed out, and fled into cover again. A herd of sambhur, apparently, seemed to be under the influence of some great excitement; and our expectations rose in proportion to the increasing disturbance. We were soon rewarded for our patient watch; for, suddenly, two huge sambhur stags, with massive antlers, came rushing out into the open, one chasing the other. The leading one galloped round in a circle, and then attacked the rear one. The two huge creatures lowered their heads—most ostentatiously, as it seemed—and came immediately into contact, the meeting of the antlers resounding like a bout of single-sticks. The four of us now froze against the high bank of the river, to watch the magnificent spectacle before us. It was a duel between the two stags, who seemed blind and deaf to our presence—a sight worth the sacrifice of the daintiest finned morsel that the sweet waters of that river could produce, advertising their delicacies in jingle and gurgle and spraying trills.

Pushing and straining with their antlers interlocked, nearer and nearer came the two stags—to within a shorter distance of the splashing waterfall, giving us a better view, and raising our excitement to fever heat. It looked as if it were going to be a thrilling duel—a fight to the death; but none of us—by whispered agreement—wishing to see a tragic ending of one, if not both of the noble-looking creatures—however interesting from the standpoint of a nature study—the Major was on the point of clapping his hands and shouting out, to part the duellists—now standing quite steady, head against head—when, to our utter astonishment, the interlocked antlers, suddenly—for a second or two, as it seemed—rose into the air, parting completely from the animals' heads, and dropping back again into their places. It seemed extraordinary. Then it happened a second time, the stags scarcely moving. Then the large, massive horns—still interlocked, as it appeared—wobbled on the heads of the stags in a most uncanny fashion. We could scarcely believe our eyes, and looked at one another for some kind of explanation, until the ridiculousness of the spectacle began to dawn upon us. It looked as if the scene, under our open-mouthed and wide-eyed staring, were undergoing a mysterious change to sudden comedy. It needed but another absurd development to send us—this time—into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

The climax came. Now shaking violently, the interlocked antlers seemed to get unfastened—separating from each other—and, falling on to the necks of their owners, they slipped down the withers of the stags, on to the soft sand. Shying in great agitation, at their own falling antlers, the stags jumped to a side in such ridiculous surprise, that our bubbling spirits—suppressed practically the whole afternoon—burst forth at last, and we disturbed the whole jungle with our boisterous roars and shrieks of laughter. With snorts of terror, the scared animals swung round, and, looking grotesquely foolish with their small, bare heads almost lost in the now conspicuous protrusions of their large trumpet ears, they stared in our direction for a few seconds. The sight was an appalling contrast to their antlered magnificence of but a few moments back. Then, turning in a mad panic, they made a dash for the forest, and, with our fresh outbursts of uncouth laughter exploding behind them—which accelerated their speed—never, in their jungle lives before, could the poor creatures have run so fast.

We heard crashing through the thick jungle in many directions, as if a big herd of sambhur had been thoroughly scared; and, when

everything settled down—hushed to evening stillness by the soothing refrain of the waters—we hastened to the spot where the antlers had fallen—wading through the river in the shallowest parts—and picked up the trophies. Though damaged, the antlers were invaluable 'souvenirs' to us. Then, as it was getting late, we hallooed out for our elephants.

Jogging back to camp, we commented upon the wonderful afternoon's entertainment to which Dame Nature had been pleased to treat us. In the incident of the falling antlers, we were apparently fortunate enough to catch her ladyship in a jocose mood, for it had apparently pleased her to seize the opportunity at shedding time for the production of a burlesque. Sambhur, in the Himalayan jungles, usually drop their antlers in March, but the Forest Officer said that some stags shed much later. He thought that in the case that had come under our observation—a remarkable scene, to which we had been such fortunate witnesses—the time for shedding had drawn near, and that the fight had brought this about perhaps a few days earlier than it would ordinarily have occurred.

We were seven guns in all, at 'Hathikund' camp; including three ladies, who were keen on hunting and could shoot well with both the gun and the rifle. The hunting grounds that had been fixed upon as the most promising, lay on both sides of the main dividing valley, the river of gold. Each ground was allotted in rotation to each guest. Lent for the occasion, we had several well-trained elephants for our morning and afternoon excursions; the arrangement being to draw lots for the ladies, each man going out in a given direction on a padded elephant, with his lady partner beside him for a second gun. As a rule a trained elephant is a good stalker, and there is no sport so interesting, and so thrilling, as to move about quietly in dense jungle on the back of one of these grand animals, armed with a camera, as well as the usual firearm for defensive purposes. All the denizens of the sub-Himalayan jungles are accustomed to wild elephants, whom they constantly see and meet; and in consequence, though harnessed and stamped with the atmosphere of Man's civilisation, the domesticated elephant, moving about quietly in the jungles, gives rise to no alarm: provided the human voice is not heard. Mounted on the back of a good trained elephant, who knows how to stalk, the naturalist, therefore, touches ideal conditions for the observation and study of animals and birds in their natural habitat. Constant watch, however, has to be

kept during such rambles, and great care taken to avoid coming into contact with a wild bull elephant, who, as a rule, makes himself aggressive, unless he happens to be in a particularly good humour.

In the case of a 'kill'—of either a tiger or a panther—that necessitates sitting up over a 'machan,' the arrangement was to reserve that particular ground where the kill had occurred, and to toss up for the more or less certain opportunity of seeing—if failing to bag—either stripes or spots.

Trackers were hard at work trying to mark down the greater carnivora and tying up young buffaloes. When some beaten track of a tiger or a panther has been discovered, it is not uncommon to sit up in a 'machan' in daylight, in some convenient spot close to the track, guarding a live bait which, as a rule, comes to no harm.

There had been two such opportunities, but the guests had returned disappointed; for, though tigers seemed plentiful, they appeared to be mysteriously evasive. And then there came another opportunity.

News had been brought late one morning by a grazier—quite a young boy—and a 'shikary,' that a very big, male tiger had been worrying the boy's cattle; and but for the interference of a huge wild elephant that seemed out of temper, and was doing its utmost to force an issue with the tiger for some extraordinary reason, a bullock would undoubtedly have been carried off by the striped lord. The boy said that all the long grass in a certain glen had been trampled down. That, whenever the cattle fled the tiger chased them; and the elephant going after the tiger, there was a continuous commotion until he (the boy) was able, after great difficulty and personal risk, to rescue his seven or eight head of cattle, and drive them back to the cattle-station, where he had left them in charge of other graziers.

The 'shikary' stated that the tusker had gone off when he came to the place, but he thought the tiger would remain close to the glen on the look-out again for cattle, and he suggested that someone should 'sit up' in the glen in the afternoon, over a live bait. Some other 'shikaries' thought that the opportunity had passed; but the Forest Officer—Mrs. B. and myself being the only guests present in camp that morning—said that it was often at the eleventh hour that the best luck came. He insisted upon Mrs. B. and myself taking the opportunity, and made us sit down to an early lunch while he despatched a 'shikary' with three help-mates, who led the young buffalo and carried the 'machan,' to have

everything in readiness for us. Mrs. B. and I were to give the men a couple of hours to get away before starting ourselves, little knowing what a perilous adventure lay in store for us.

For April, in the interior of the hills, it was an exceptionally hot afternoon when Mrs. B. and I set out on an elephant, with the grazier boy sitting on the pad behind us, to point out the way. A sultry, dust-begrimed haze, partially screening the sun, seemed to clog the atmosphere. Along the far expanse of the valley, in pale shades of lush emerald, tiny shoots of new grass had sprung up around the clumps of blackened, resilient stalks—most of the high grass having been burnt as a check to forest fires—that lashed our elephant's legs, as we turned off the main Forest-Department road to our left front. Dotted about the far expanse of the valley, clusters of tall sissoo trees flaunted their spring foliage in apple green: and on either side of the wide valley, like a vast amphitheatre with its tiers in gaudy colours, rose the brilliantly clad hills in variegated green and russet; in arabesque creations of cream lace—of the famous 'sal' tree in flower—abundantly splashed with the scarlet of the 'forest flame' that, in magnificent ascendancy, seemed to deepen the brick-red glow of the sky.

About a mile distant from the road we had left, we halted before a small sissoo grove, where the men who had gone on ahead were waiting with the young buffalo. The shikary instructed the men where to tie up the bait, and pointed out our 'machan'; a cot swung high up on a tree standing conspicuously in front of the grove, a little detached from the other trees.

'This monster tiger that I tracked in the morning,' said the shikary, 'will come out either here, or down a ravine half a mile further on, where I shall keep watch'—he pointed to some high grass in the distance: 'but this,' he said, 'is the more likely place.'

Mrs. B. and I climbed up our tree, and, dismissing the elephant and the men, who were to keep watch on the road while the shikary moved off to the ravine he mentioned, we made a careful survey of our surroundings. We were below a dense forest, which stood on high rolling ground. This well-wooded plateau, which took a semicircular bend outwards, like a headland, shelved down to a wide shallow stream—gleaming yellow—that followed the zigzagging contour of its banks. Our tree stood about three hundred feet or so from the nearest point of the plateau, down which—worn into the steep face of the bank—came an animal pathway.

Facing this path coming down, we made ourselves comfortable in the 'machan,' and awaited events. Mrs. B. had a high-velocity .375 repeating rifle, while I held a heavy .500 double-barrel express.

After a while, we saw some bamboo clumps shaking up on the plateau, and heard an occasional crash. We immediately suspected wild elephants—apparently grazing. Then it happened that the young buffalo below our tree got restless, and managed to get a front leg entangled awkwardly in his rope. It looked as if the leg might easily be broken, and we felt sorry for the poor creature. I climbed down off the tree to release the leg, leaving with Mrs. B. my heavy rifle, which I could not manage to bring down with me. The hefty young buffalo, however, refused to let me come near him. He kept up a threatening attitude: apparently as I was a stranger to him. I was making an effort, as quietly as possible, to win him over with friendly whispers and gestures—much to the amusement of Mrs. B. up on the 'machan'—when, suddenly, I heard a crow cawing on the other side of the grove, at the back of Mrs. B. I knew that, in looking for food, a crow sometimes followed a tiger; and, to be on the safe side, I quickly crouched low and took cover behind a fairly wide anthill, about four feet high. It stood about twenty to thirty paces to the left front of the buffalo. I was sufficiently in front of Mrs. B. to be well under protection of her rifle. Glancing up at her from behind my cover, I saw that she had just looked round, behind her, and, from her warning gesture, I concluded that the tiger was coming, and that my trying to get back to the 'machan' was out of the question.

Peeping between two small pyramidal spires—about a foot high—erected by the thoughtful jungle ants on top of their castle, I suddenly beheld—bent low to the ground—a massive red head, with a shaggy mane drooping over a thick neck. Then, moving most stealthily, with cautious halts in order to listen, there came into gradual view the dazzling drapery in '*rouge et noir*,' of that dreaded jungle gambler and cattle thief. An exceptionally pale shade of yellow seemed to run along the low length of his stomach, and a beautiful checkered tail—like a gliding snake—trailed the ground behind him, a magnificent specimen of a Himalayan monster!

How he sneaks between the trees! Now he is under Mrs. B.'s 'machan,' and the poor young buffalo—his only defence his sprouting horns—puts down his little square head, in plucky defiance. But the mighty king of cats seems to ignore him. Suddenly, putting caution aside, the gorgeous jungle gambler strides boldly

and ostentatiously right out into the open—leaving the tethered buffalo to his rear—and views the open space in front of him with head erect and tail swaying. Now turning slightly with a huge striped shoulder exposed to Mrs. B.'s rifle, he stares with cocked ears in the direction of the jungle path down the plateau. What a target!

Again I glanced up at the 'machan,' but Mrs. B. shook her head. I knew she was experienced, and I gathered that she would not take the chance offered, owing to my precarious position on the ground; in fact that, for fear of wounding the monster, she would not fire at all, unless some desperate necessity on my account demanded it.

Mrs. B. now motioned her head towards the plateau. At that instant the tiger sat down; and as he did so, I saw to my surprise, a female elephant with a calf, coming down the pathway to the stream below. Then another elephant followed; and then, to my complete discomfort, an enormous bull elephant, with a formidable pair of gleaming tusks, slowly felt his way down to the stream, where the other elephants had begun to splash themselves with water.

Then, suddenly, events came crowding together—crammed into so short a space of time, that scarcely a breathing interval in which one might hope to collect one's thoughts, seemed to have been granted by Hanuman, and by the gods of darkness and thunder.

The air seemed extraordinarily oppressive, laden with fine gritty dust—it was the season for nor'-westers! In the excitement of watching the animals, I had not noticed the gathering storm. All Nature seemed disturbed. Towering over the great jungle, colossal trees—like solemn chieftains bowing in silence before the sullen mood of a capricious Empress—dipped their branches in obedience, lest a leaf should flutter and rouse the ominous stillness. Under the mantle of gloom, the elephant herd froze like black boulders, and the tiger crouched lower. The danger of Mrs. B.'s position struck me instantly. The 'Dalbergia Sissoo,' an inferior rose-wood tree, being peculiarly brittle and shallow-rooted, is very liable to be blown down in a violent storm, or to have its branches torn off. I was therefore, now, as much concerned for Mrs. B. as she was, apparently, for me.

Suddenly, a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a terrific crash, seems to shake the darkening glen. It seems as if a shell-hole must for a certainty, have been gouged out somewhere close by. A distant tearing through timber approaches nearer, and a wind sweeps through the grove, then dies down. The tiger rises, turns

right-about, and with long crouching strides, makes straight for my anthill. My thoughts are surging. 'Can the monster possibly have my cover in view? Does Mrs. B. suspect it?' Her rifle is up! The tiger is passing the tethered buffalo, who, with head down—and a front leg awkwardly hitched up—is following the great cat's movements. As I bend forward to do a bolt, a flame suddenly shoots out from the 'machan,' and I remain crouched, freezing against my precious anthill. The monster tiger is hit! As I see him lurch and fall forward sudden continuous thunder from the heavens drowns his terrific roars. But the great brute is up in an instant, and—horrors!—turns with indescribable savagery on the unfortunate buffalo, whom he is tearing to pieces. I hear the clicking and clashing of metal on top of the 'machan,' and raise my eyes slowly, shivering in a cold sweat.

Mrs. B. is struggling with her rifle. 'Great Scot! has the bolt jammed?' Now she picks up my empty .500 express—she is looking for the cartridges! Instinctively my trembling fingers press against my right-hand pocket, and my heart sinks as I feel the cartridges there. Mrs. B. is again struggling with the bolt of her rifle; the tiger, maddened with pain, charging in the direction of the metallic sound—whenever it can be heard—and returning again, as savagely, on to the mangled body of the dead buffalo. I am shaking in every limb, lest the monster should see me, or hear my feverish breathing.

Then, suddenly, the storm bursts, and I see the 'machan' swaying and crashing against the wind-swept boughs. Trying to hold her rifle, Mrs. B. is clinging desperately to the main trunk of the tree; while I am hoping and praying that that creaking mass of timber will stand. Through the ceaseless fury of cyclonic wind and darting streaks of molten lead, the tiger's awful rumbles and roars of pain and anger can be heard, piercing the glen—carried to the elephant herd hugging their calf; for, suddenly, as the flood gates of heaven open, through the lashing torrents of rain I see the great bull elephant striding uncannily towards us, across the open glen, shaking his huge head and tusks. 'Heavens!' I feel dazed—benumbed. Mrs. B. is clinging to her tree for dear life. Suddenly our two rifles come crashing down, and the tiger—now beginning to stagger—lurches forward in hideous rage, to maul anything he can get: but his arch-enemy, his disputant to the jungle throne, is on him—so rapidly has the tusker come up.

Almost under Mrs. B.'s heaving tree, the fierce elephant—a phantom, a nightmare, in the misty spray of drenching rain that rebounds off him—charges the wounded tiger in a blood-curdling

manner. The striped monster swerves—round towards my anthill ; but staggers, and turns sharply with a roar, heading for the open glen. As he passes me, I catch a glimpse of blood pouring down his shoulder. With short, lurching rushes, he gets past the dead buffalo, when the great elephant—pulling up almost on to his haunches—heaves round, and, between Mrs. B.'s tree and my anthill, splashes the sodden ground in another terrific charge. His glistening, beam-like tusks are lowered, and, with a shrill blast—like the shriek of a grating axle—he meets his roaring antagonist, who tries to hurl himself on to the elephant's curled-up trunk : but the wounded tiger is exhausted—he falls, and instantly, through the massive heap of tearing claws and fangs, ploughs a great white shaft. The elephant has pinned down his enemy.

The tiger's roars cease, as again and again the striped form is gored—brutally, unmercifully. Then, full height, up stands the mammoth ; and, under zigzagging tongues of flame and passing claps of thunder, he tramples fiercely upon the carcass. And then, as the wind and the torrents of rain abate, the triumphant elephant, pointing his reddened tusks skywards, lifts his trunk over his head—a superb picture of wild grandeur—and, with a loud trumpet, strides back across the glen with a majestic swing. We watch him anxiously, till he disappears, following the other elephants into the depths of the forest.

With two rifle shots in rapid succession, we called up the mahout and the men, who had waited loyally on the road, through the thunderstorm. The shikary came up later, shivering and looking very bedraggled. We were all dripping wet—soaked to the skin—and were glad to get back to camp : where, full of excitement, we recounted the terrible experience. The tiger was fetched in that very night. He measured 9 ft. 8½ in. First blood was Mrs. B.'s ; but her obliging 'despatcher' carried matters too far, and had deprived her of a magnificent trophy.

We suspected that this tusker and the tiger were the same animals that had come into collision that morning, disturbing the grazier boy ; and this seemed apparent the following day, after we had examined the tracks of the two animals, in both the places where they had met. The tracks looked similar. It appeared as if the tusker had been hugging some previous grievance against that particular tiger—possibly for trying to steal a calf from the elephant herd. Elephants in a wild state show as much intelligence as in domestication.

THIS SORE TRAVAIL.

This sore travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised herewith.

I.

I WAS in the spirit on the Lord's Day. At least it was the Lord's Day. Only the place was not Patmos. It was my own room and I was on the sea-shore of Sleep where wet sand and shallow ripple meet and one cannot tell whether it be sea or land. I was in my own chair which was made for my father who was a bigger man than I and which is therefore more than ample. And it was the Lord's Day. Will anyone deny that the day on which the Lord rested has a soporific quality which is quite peculiar to itself out of all other days and is probably of mystical significance?

I was aware suddenly of a Presence at my right elbow. It was a real Presence, a personality as definite as myself. Probably had I stretched out my hand, I should have found it tangible; but I did not, as I did not want to frighten it away. Presences, as anyone knows, are very easily scared. Besides, it was clear to me that this Presence was entirely amiable. More than that, it was positively benign and gracious.

So I sat still, absorbing the radiations which came from it, as one draws into oneself the gentle heat of a fire. And in the twinkling of an eye, as St. Paul says, I had no doubt at all as to who or what it was.

I had no doubt at all. It was God who was standing beside my chair at my right elbow. And curiously the moment that I had this conviction of the identity of the Presence, I became tongue-tied. I wanted to address him, but I could not think how to begin. If I addressed him without any title, I was afraid that I might seem lacking in respect. On the other hand, the Presence was far too august and far too graciously intimate for one to think of addressing him by any of the grandiose and empty titles which one is in the habit of applying to him in church.

At last I made up my mind on a compromise.

'O God,' I began: and I stuck. I couldn't utter another

word. I sat still and I waited. Perhaps He would speak. Such things are rare : for Presences are seldom articulate.

I waited. And it happened. God spoke.

'I think,' said God, 'that I see trouble in your mind, like the Darkness which once was over the face of the Earth.'

Now that was an amazingly accurate guess—but somehow it seemed wrong to associate guesswork or anything short of absolute certainty with God.

'And I think,' continued the Presence, 'it would be good for you, if you were to tell me all about it.'

And again it was curious that as soon as the Presence invited me to speak, I found myself no longer tongue-tied.

'God,' I began at once, 'but you are right. Let me tell you what my trouble is. It is not myself—at least not directly. It is that I have been considering all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and the tears of the oppressed. For they have no comforter. These are not my words, but they express my trouble better than I ever could have done.'

'I know,' said God. 'They are the words of the Preacher. He was one of the very wise old men of Israel.'

'I should not say all the oppressions,' I continued, 'but some that I have seen!'

'Of course,' replied God gently, and I felt that He was smiling behind my right shoulder. 'No man can know everything, but I fancy you have something particular in your mind.'

'O God,' said I, 'but I have! It is two years since I was in hospital, though it might be yesterday. I was there five weeks which might have been a year; but that is not my trouble. It is not myself.'

'No,' said God : and for the life of me I could not tell whether it was a question or a rebuke or the gentlest of gentle irony. But the Presence still radiated graciousness. So I went on.

'It is not myself. It is the man who had the bed next to mine. At the time I said to myself, what a story this would make! One has to keep oneself in hospital external to what is happening in the other beds. So I took his story from him as one gets a story from a book, and I actually took pains to impress it on my memory—for use afterwards, which was not very difficult : for he told it to me afresh every day, until I got my discharge and came out into the world of free men once again. But then I found it wasn't the kind of thing that can be put into print. Not in full at any

rate and complete in every brutal detail, as it lives in my memory to this minute. The printed page has its scruples and its decencies; but Life, the life of the sons of man, has neither.'

I paused here, I would have given anything to forget what I was trying to say; but the Presence was wiser.

'Exorcise this devil,' said God, 'by bringing him out into the light of day.'

So I took up the burden of my tale. I told it without ornaments. I made it simple, as all the tragic things are simple.

'He was such a harmless little man. I don't suppose he had ever willingly done an injury to anyone, not even in the way of business: which is saying a great deal. For by trade he had been a grocer, labouring forty years at the business till it had become large enough for him to sell it and retire on the profits. That was one year before he became the tenant of the bed next to mine. He retired a healthy man of sixty who had hardly had more than a week's sickness in all his life, except for the time when he broke his leg and was in bed three months. Sixty is only threescore years and the Bible gives us reason to expect threescore and ten. He might even reasonably have looked forward to another score beyond, before the grasshopper became a burden, having lived so chastely and so purely and so conscientiously all his life. So he bought himself a house and a garden. Handkerchief size the garden was, I gathered: but son and daughter to him, light of his eyes. For he had no children of his body.

'So man proposes: but what disposes, O God, how should I ever know? He lived just six months in his house, potted in his garden and was happy. Then disturbing bodily symptoms (they had begun some time before and gave great shame to his natural modesty) would not be hid from his wife: a creature as innocent and harmless as himself. What she thought of it all, I never knew. For whenever I spoke to her, she never ventured beyond a timid monosyllable. But the upshot was that he went to consult a doctor. His first doctor since he was a little boy. And so by swift stages to hospital, with every cheerful assurance. I ought to know what the doctor told him. He had it by heart and repeated it often enough to me.

'"Nothing to worry about, Mr. Meiggs. A little operation! And afterwards, better than you ever were before! Danger? Why, none. Twenty years ago the mortality from this particular operation was twenty per cent. Now it's less than three! And

what caused the trouble? Why, Anno Domini! Nothing, absolutely nothing more!"

'And so on and so forth. So he booked his bed and he came in: a little nervous, as was natural: a little overawed by the formidable stripped efficiency of the place in which he found himself. And by that time the need for operation had become urgent. So they took him straight to the table.

'He suffered without pain on the table for the sin of growing old, and afterwards he should have risen again a new man. But—observe, O God, how Justice works in this world of men—it was the lovely month of August and in August it happened that the surgeon who operated for the hospital took his holiday. So the other doctor, a physician not a surgeon, with admirable public spirit operated on Mr. Meiggs.

'This is not a story for telling. I glose the detail, which is dreadful. There's a gland in the lower part of the body, which when it goes wrong (as one of our great surgeons one day discovered) may be excised—not with the knife, but torn out ruthlessly with finger and thumb. A simple operation to a man in practice, but on the other hand how difficult! The opening, if it misses by ever so little! The middle lobe that a man not in practice may miss so easily! The flap of skin that the finger must hold, and if not held closes absolutely, irrevocably!

'That was what happened to my Mr. Meiggs.

'The physician, meaning so well, doing so damnably, forgot his practice of many years ago. The flap closed and Mr. Meiggs came back to bed, a thousand times in worse case than he left it.

'If I could make you see! He knew nothing (how should he?), but a great tube entered like a conqueror his entrails. And so for a fortnight gradually it was borne in on him that the tube and he were to be like lovers, inseparable till Death should them part. Never again, O God, for him the sweet natural functioning of the body! Never a movement again but should remind him of the mechanical monstrosity which that well-meaning accident had fastened upon him.

'So he came back to his bed; and though he did not know it, he came back to die. I left him dying—gradually in his haunted horrified eyes the knowledge dawning of the terrible thing which had befallen him, and the doctors round his bed every morning administering hope, the only drug left in their armoury.

"In a week," they said, "we shall send you home. A little

inconvenience, Mr. Meiggs, what's that compared to life and the prospect of living another twenty years ? ”

“ Discomfort ? ” they said. “ Why, think of the discomfort you were suffering when you came in ! ”

‘ And Mr. Meiggs hugged his tube to himself and said nothing ; whilst at nights the young house surgeon would come and sit on my bed. “ Lord,” he would say. “ There’s a tragedy. He’s going home and may live three months, though I doubt it. Lord, what a mess ! ”

‘ And I said to myself (as I still say to myself in my dreams) : “ For so He giveth His beloved sleep.” ’

I paused again here. Somehow my story seemed to have fallen flat, as often happens when the things which inhabit the jungles of the mind are brought into the light of day. I was going to enlarge upon it ; but before I could collect myself, the Presence behind me spoke.

‘ One man ! ’ said God in a tone of indescribably tender mockery. ‘ One out of all the sons of men ! ’

‘ O God,’ I cried, ‘ but that is not all ! Not one but many ! This gland is only one of a thousand weaknesses that flesh is heir to. Yet the house surgeon told me it alone betrays countless old men. Such a little cause and such an infinity of trouble that may follow ! Not physical discomforts only. They are dreadful and take all the gladness out of the light of the sun : but they are bearable with courage. No, there’s more. It can, it may, often it does turn a decent clean-living respectable old man into a street-haunting satyr. And such disasters the sons of men in their justice and their mercy punish with prison and contumely and shame. I asked if such old men as are turned into satyrs are not those who have never tried to live strictly in their youth : so that your punishment, O God, and the punishment of the sons of men might turn out after all to be the stern justice of retribution. But the house surgeon would have none of it. “ As far as my experience goes,” he said, “ I would almost say that is those who have practised continence all their lives.” “ As if,” he said, “ it were a punishment for trying to stifle the natural beast in man.” I look into the future, and it may be my friend or it may be I ! ’

And God answered me at once.

‘ Ah,’ He said. ‘ I see in your mind Fear misting the glass of Pity. My son, thou must have courage to be a man.’

II.

Now to this I had no answer ready. For what the Presence had said was only too true and it is not pleasant to be found a coward in the sight of God. Yet the Presence showed no signs of disappearing. Rather it seemed to be growing more real. I am quite certain that if I had looked over my shoulder, I should have seen it, feature by feature.

Why I did not, I don't know. Instead I sat staring before me into the fire, seeing pictures there. For as always happens when the Invisible clothes itself in material form, my thought was unnaturally stimulated. It ran away out of my control.

At first everything was confused and indefinite and had the quality of nightmare; but at length my thought poised and centred over one picture which persisted and would not, like the others, shift and pass.

I saw the lake in the grounds of the Château at Fontainebleau. I saw the stone terrace and the balustrades: and the fat mud-coloured carp coming up to the surface in their scores, till they looked like maggots swarming. A hot sun was shining over everything (I felt the heat of it quite distinctly), and at the same time I noticed that the trees in the bosquets at the edge of the lake were just beginning to turn colour: so that the time must have been about mid-September. There was a great deal more in the picture which I did not at the moment quite take in. There were people on the terrace and more still walking among the bosquets on the far side of the lake; but I only saw one clearly, standing by my side, and it was my mother. There seemed nothing unusual in that. For she and I had been not once but many times to Fontainebleau. The picture persisted. It had come without any volition on my part and there was nothing in the gentle radiations of the Presence behind me to interfere with it in any way.

I had been looking at this picture, I don't know how long, when curiously all in a moment I was aware that the Presence was waiting for me to speak. More than that. There was something which it wanted me to say and it was waiting with positive anxiety to see whether I would say it.

My story had fallen flat. The Presence had called me coward for it—and justly. It seemed to me now that it was waiting to see whether there was any other thought in my heart which I could tell and which would not be marred and spoiled by Fear.

I searched all my thoughts, even the odds and ends ; and I began to be afraid that there was not one.

Then said God : ' My son, Fear is born of Self.'

He said no more, but I knew very well what He meant. Half, oh much more than half of my desperate brooding over the oppressions done under the sun was born of Fear that such and such a thing might one day happen to myself. I would have liked to cry out at him : ' All, all, all is self ! For what is life, O God, but a lonely adventure betwixt my self and thee ? '

But I could not. The Presence was too big and too gentle for such a poor excuse. Instead, without hesitation, without thought almost, I broke into a story. And the moment I began, I knew that I could tell it without any shadow of Fear that such a thing might in the future happen to myself.

III.

I began without preamble.

' His father was High Master of a great school and he sent his son to his own school. Whether wisely or not, I don't know. The boy himself did not think so. For the other boys took all their punishments from the High Master out of the High Master's son. So, as he was only ten years old when he went to the school, he learnt early what persecution means. He learnt other things as well of course. For his father never tried to give him protection, he only tried to give him wisdom : which when the boy grew up, he realised was the truest wisdom of all. But first he had to learn to be a man.

' His father was a giant among men : so tall and broad that someone once said of him in the street that it was like an elm tree walking. For a long time his father's stature was a great embarrassment to the boy. In public places people would stare—and worse. So that the boy when he went to bed, would make a passionate bargain with the God to whom he said his prayers that if he lived without sin he should never grow to more than normal height : but if he should sin, then he should grow as tall as his father. And he did sin (or did what he thought was sin) and would as passionately renew his bargain again ; but he never grew to six foot seven.

' Curiously his father's mind was of the same great stature as his body and he taught the boy the creed of his own maturity.

The boy might have had all his father's mind : for in the holidays he was his constant companion. But how in the world can immaturity and old age meet and mingle ?

'His father taught him Plato. The necessity of goodness : the evildoer is a fool. But the boy said to himself "What is for him is not for me. One day perhaps!" For it seemed to him that one could like doing evil, well knowing it for what it was. There was a master whom the boys called "Tue," a man as ineffectual and incapable of self-defence as a shadow. It was pleasant to make his life a misery and plague him till the tears actually came into his eyes. And it was pleasant to pretend to want to go to the lavatory and wander round the school grounds instead, having told a lie. All these things the boy considered very evil ; and he did them because he liked doing them.

'Later he became a prefect in the school and his father began to teach him a sterner creed. "My boy," he would say, "I believe there are a few men in the world who follow Evil for Evil's sake. These are the true vile sinners who do actually destroy their souls, so that what was meant to be immortal in them dies."

"The great sinners of the world, father?" asked the boy.

"My boy," his father's voice was gentle but filled with a scorn and a contempt that cut like a whiplash, "there are no great sinners. All sin is foolish, silly, stupid, vulgar."

'But how could immaturity ever understand ? And it was not as if his father were an easy man to understand. Oh no, no. He had a disregard for the conventions which was sometimes an agony to the boy. He was so absolutely indifferent to the clothes he might be wearing, for instance. On one cold day he took the boy with him up to London, wearing a woollen vest round his neck because he could not find his muffler : and to the boy's imaginative horror everyone they met stared and stared again at what his father was wearing round his neck. There were many little incidents like this. And it was his father's habit, even when the boy considered himself a grown-up man, in moments of affection to ruffle his hair and call him "little chap." The boy grew to hate the phrase and yet he knew that all his father's affection was in it. His father would use it in public too and the boy would fall into a frenzy of apprehension lest some stranger hearing might misunderstand and think his father silly.

'But not the least of his troubles was that in the presence of his father he often despised himself. His father seemed to him

so single : he was like Plato's philosopher King. And when the boy left school and went to Oxford, he made what he thought was a great and original discovery about himself. His father might be single, but he himself was double. "Here am I," he would think in moments of self-communion, "here am I—one half of me following my father" (for he never made the mistake of underestimating his father's mind) : "and the other half roaring free with all the passion and desire that is the natural heritage of man. Oh how wonderful, how unique am I ! None, save the great artists of the world, was ever such a Jekyll and Hyde as I !" For at Oxford he had put pen to paper and believed himself a poet.

'Then, hot on this discovery came the War. The loosing of the beast and the gaining of a man's soul. The sudden setting free of the one half of himself, so that it flowed bank-high in spate and the other half, his father's half, was in danger of drowning to death. It was for him as I think it was for thousands. The only relic left of the other self, the self which was not compact of passion and desire and all that he took to be natural and elemental in him, was the curious inward satisfaction that came from doing his duty as a soldier. Not a high thing, he would sometimes think with shame, but at least a higher thing than the selfish self of passion and desire. This was his only gain, if it was a gain : the knowledge that he had been tested and had met the King of Terrors face to face.'

Again I paused. My story had disappointed me in the telling. There was so much that I might have said. There was so much that I dared not say. But before I could collect myself to resume, God spoke again. He took up the parable for me, speaking very low so that I could hardly hear him.

'But after the War,' said God, 'the boy went back again to Oxford, as his father had prayed that he might, and he read Philosophy. And did not his father say to him that there is no use in Philosophy for any man, unless he make it his guiding rule in life ? For to think and not to act up to the conclusions to which thinking comes is not only the fool's way, it is the coward's too. And so,' said God more softly than ever, 'the two years which he spent reading Philosophy at Oxford brought the boy nearer—so very near to his father. Until just before he was to take his Final Schools, a great disaster came upon him. He grew thin : he grew thirsty with a thirst that strong liquors would not cure.

Though he tried them,' said God and his voice was edged with irony, 'they would not avail. And when at last he went to consult a doctor, he first heard the name of Diabetes. That, I think, was a very great disaster for the boy.'

How melting was the pity of God, like milk and honey, and how comforting! Yet I could not leave it there. My story was not yet all told.

'O God,' I said, 'a disaster indeed—but not altogether. Partly, I think, it was a gain. For willy-nilly then he had to discipline all natural desires, exactly as his father had said a man ought to do. And further—Diabetes ages a young man. It takes his strength and sucks the vigour out of his limbs. It forces him to take thought for everything which he eats and drinks, like an old man.'

'Now all this brought him nearer to his father. It should have brought him to a full understanding: but it did not—quite. For his father's body, too, suddenly began to grow old. The boy would watch him in the street or climbing upstairs, going so slowly, resting at intervals; and would listen to him saying, "An old man must be careful of his heart, do nothing fast, take life slow." It is now one of the boy's secret shames that he failed to understand. He was impatient with his father: even, I think, a little contemptuous, thinking that he was fussing before the time for fussing had come. . . .

'And so at last there came a time when the boy and his mother went for a holiday together to Paris. They stayed, where they always stayed, at a tiny hotel not three minutes from the Sorbonne. The September weather smiled and they had four days that were memorable. The fifth they spent at Fontainebleau. They lunched in the village, they drove in the Bois and so in the late afternoon they came into the grounds of the château. I think the boy will never hear the name of Fontainebleau again without a sharp and stinging memory of that afternoon. For he said to his mother, leaning over the parapet, looking into the mirror of the lake, "Oh that such happiness should be!" But his mother answered him, "It is balm, it is benediction, but oh my son, it is too much! I am afraid!"

'And he laughed at her out of his superior wisdom, and called her a coward for trying to spoil a perfect day. . . .'

I felt the radiations of the Presence behind me, like wings about my head. I am certain that if I had turned round, I should have seen him face to face.

But I did not. I did not. I hurried to finish my story.

'O God,' I said, 'hear the end. Every day is a day and must end. By the lake, in the shadow of the château it came to the boy suddenly and clearly that at last he had come quite close to his father. The discipline which when he had been young, he had so hated, the curbing of the natural desires, the continual picket-watch round the citadel of soul—all these had been forced upon him. They were now his life and a man would be a fool not to follow the rule, since the penalty of breaking it was death. "When we go home," he said to his mother, "I will tell father everything. I think at last we shall come very near together."

"Oh my son," his mother answered: for she had no secrets from her son, "I pray that it may be so."

'They went back to Paris by train in the cool of the lovely evening, the boy repeating to himself his mother's words by the lake, "It is balm, it is benediction." And at their hotel they found a wire that had been waiting for them all day. "Father ill," it said, "come back at once."

'So by a miracle they caught the night boat at Havre, knowing in their hearts, I think, that the wire, like all urgent wires, meant more than it said. At Southampton they caught the early morning train for Oxford and the boy bought a *Daily Mail* for himself and a *Times* for his mother. They read their papers. Suddenly she laid down hers. "Oh," she said in a voice dead as a tree struck by lightning, "there's the worst possible news of father here."

'And it was so.—O God,' I cried, hardly able to contain myself, 'why? Why! In the very moment of understanding, when all that the father had striven for was about to be fulfilled, when at long last the son was turning into the harbour that had been waiting so long to welcome him, why, oh why, such a stroke which surely no devil could have more cunningly designed? The son came home to find that his father had dropped dead in the street. His heart had been a thing to take care of, after all. And the time of his dying must have been just about the moment when ecstasy and understanding came to the boy by the lake at Fontainebleau. O God why? Oh why?'

I half-turned in my chair towards the Presence at my right elbow.

'O God,' I repeated, 'why, oh why?'

The Presence behind me swelled and stirred. It moved nearer

to me. It ruffled my hair. I felt its fingers tenderly running over my head. And I sat quite still.

'Little chap,' it said, 'oh, little chap, I am not God. I am your father. Can't you see?'

So I put out my hand; but the fingers were no longer in my hair. I put out my hand, and I touched nothing but empty air. Then I turned round completely: and I saw the space behind my chair blank as my own spirit.

And it was still the Lord's Day. But I was no longer on the seashore of sleep nor was I in the spirit any more.

MARTIN GILKES.

AT DELPHI.

TWIN peaks of silence, soaring heaven-high,
Twin altars of the unknown, these guardian cliffs
Make Delphi's heart of wonder, Earth's high throne,—
Earth, mother of man: yet stronger than her strength
A subtler power awed the ancient seers,
Of earth—unearthly: moving all—unmoved.

Surely that ancient awe holds Delphi still,
Though the oracular cave's an empty show,
Reft of its honours and the breath divine.
Out of its disenchanted depths no more
Men draw a riddling truth of human things:
Less fickle the new lamps that step by step
Light the dark cave of knowledge where we grope.
Fallen are the temples, robbed the treasure-house—
Amid the ruins Nature stays sublime.
Faith follows faith as wave succeeding wave
Breaks on the shore of thought; still Delphi keeps
Majestical the challenge of the years,
Nature the question, and the answer Man.

L. H.

HOTEE COAL.

A STORY OF THE VELD.

BY LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B.,
K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

I.

BEFORE the farmers, as the Boer forces were called in Cape Colony, invaded the British Colony in 1899, by way of Fourteen Streams and the Vaal bridge at Warrenton, or turned aside to test the lure of Cecil Rhodes and the people of Kimberley, the little settlement at Modder River was something of a pleasure ground and jaunting house for Kimberley week-enders. There was not very much to it, but between the river and *koppies* of Magersfontein was a hospitable hotel and a few fruit and pleasure gardens along the river-bank. A few tubby boats on the river, the brown mud river that gave it the name, a few eucalyptus trees and willows, a little garden here and there watered by a wind-pump or two, and that was the whole of it. Nevertheless the glorious upland air, the feeling of being on the roof which the *kopjie*-tops, hull-down on the horizon, gave you, had a charm all its own. There were guinea-fowl and redwing for the hunting, as all shooting is known on the *veld*, and there were great loblolly hares that would sit up in the light of a diamond-mine searchlight, and let you pot them indecently. In fact, Modder River as holiday resorts go in a sardine-tin country, was no bad spot.

But the war had devastated it to desolation. The hotel had become the military headquarters of what my reservist barber from Trufts called 'Lord Methewen,' after the battle of the Modder, when the British really discovered what the Mauser Bullet on an open glacis was like and the farmers found that the soldier was no longer a *roibatjie*, a 'redjacket' with white belts for bull's-eye, but a gentleman in khaki with a fair knowledge of his rifle, the which was a sore disappointment. And with the coming of the army, that pretty Modder River had disappeared in dust and the unwatered heat of South Africa's summer, and Piet Cronje sat on the Magersfontein *koppies* and made sad work of the Highland Brigade to their no small surprise, and poked fun for several weeks

at 'Lord Methewen,' and recked little of the gathering storm, which was to lead him to St. Helena like a better man before him.

All of which is by the way, and by way of *apéritif* to the romantic story of Hotee Coal, with which I had some concern a year or so later when the war was far advanced in the guerrilla stage and the turn of the wheel brought us back down the line from the Vaal, in one of the many De Wet hunts. I have sufficiently turned it round to disguise personalities to all but one or two of us.

II.

And this is the manner of it, and the little romance of the *sour veld*, and if you remember the difference between *souet* and *sour veld* still, then you have not forgotten all that three years' war with the Brethren taught you. Lord Roberts had occupied Pretoria, the larger commandos had surrendered and gone to their homes with their tongues in the cheek, and then De Wet had raised the standard of Guerrilladom. Whether it was bad luck, or whether we were fooled from the start does not matter now, but the whole of the army was being turned into mounted troops and the world was being conscripted for horses. Lord K. was turned loose on us after a manner peculiarly his own, and I happened then to be commanding a detachment of artillery that was part of 'Settle's Circus'¹ before it degenerated into pure Pantomime. With us was a corps of the New Yeomanry, as distinct from the original I.Y. containing fewer Members of Parliament but perhaps better soldiers. We had been hunting commandos from the Orange and the Fouriesberg-Luckoff road to Honeynest Kloof and back again and had come into the Modder for supplies and horses. The principal ingredients of the story are a squadron of the Roughshooters who could both sharpshoot and roughride and the members of a travelling circus that had been in Kimberley, and had come to Modder where there had been an attempt to revive the week-end fun when the tide of war rolled north. Fweddie and I,—Fweddie was my subaltern of artillery, pink but venturesome,—Carteret who had been in a Yorkshire regiment and was now a dug-out in the I.Y., and the lad Bannister; we four had been keeping the road together, generally coffee-housing in each other's company, and having now marched in post-haste from Rama Springs, decided to stand ourselves dinner at the 'Modder Hotel.' We did not expect much,

¹ The slow-moving circumambient movements of the force under Sir Henry Settle had earned it this name.

but it would be better than trek ox, and there might be some Drakenstein and if we were lucky a little Vanderhum. The dullest meal leaves a bright memory if you settle it with Vanderhum. There were plenty more lads of spirit in the force, but we four were an intimate party, and wherever the rest of the army dined we would secure a table. So Fweddie was sent cantering off even before the sacred duty of watering the skins was accomplished, to be quite sure that we got a table, and if liquor was scarce to see that we got some of it.

He came back in great form.

'What larks! I've arranged a table and two skirts.'

'Wha-at! Two skirts! What sort of skirts? What the devil do you mean, Fweddie?'

'Mean what I say. Two skirts will give us the pleasure of their company. Two English skirts, none of your *kappie*-wearing Dutch *matjes*.'

'Where did you raise them, Frederick?' demanded Carteret, who had drawn nigh to see what the chatter was about.

'The fact is,' said Master Frederick, 'there is a circus here, with three English women. One, the wife of the owner, is sick; the other two are girls, and I've asked 'em to dine, had to ask the owner too, but he is not a bad chap, was in the Diamond Fields Artillery and I met him at Boshoff just after the relief of Kimberley.'

Trust Fweddie to find a skirt or, as the modern army would call them in Arabic, a 'bint.' As a matter of fact, he need not have been so scornful of the Dutch *matjes*, or misses, as he usually had plenty to say to them, and indeed the young Dutch girl is very attractive in her *kappie*¹ or sunbonnet. In fact only a day or two ago we had walked up in Jacobsdal two neat little *kappied* figures in front of us to find, when we got abreast, that the faces inside were kafirs. That is where the *kappie* lets you, or rather lads like my Fweddie, down. However, that is another story, and the fact remained that we were to have a dinner with our legs under a table, a dinner that was not trek ox or McConachie, and with two English girls of sorts to talk to. So we complimented Fweddie, saying that for a young soldier he had shown commendable enterprise and acumen, which he had.

So when sundown came and the Magersfontein *koppies* turned to sapphire in the evening glow, we four duly set out, properly shaved and with belts aglow, to what was for men straight from

¹ Pronounce 'cappy.'

a year's soldiering a very proper adventure, Fweddie and the lad Bannister greatly excited and the two old pieces of junk, Carteret and myself, amused and quietly expectant. When we got to the hotel, the army was thick in the bar, but Fweddie announced that he had a private room, and there we were ushered in, to find Lieutenant Simpson of the Diamond Fields Artillery, a quite agreeable Afrikaner who owned the circus, and two girls awaiting us, one a pretty doll-faced lass with a head of fair hair, and the other quieter and dark-haired with a neat figure. The one was introduced to us as Fluffie, to which name she answered heartily, and the other was Miss Tilly.

It was a pleasant-enough dinner of the dorp hotel type to which we sat down and we soon found out all about our friends. Fluffie told us that her rôle was to wear tights and ballerine skirts and jump through the hoops, while Mr. Simpson did ringmaster and another lad clown. Fluffie beamed on Fweddie and shed her aitches happily and unconcernedly. Miss Tilly was not so talkative but told me that they had all been in Kimberley during the siege and that they both had been helping in the hospitals. They had eaten lots of horse flesh, it was all right bar the veins in it, too many veins, and that their circus horses had been used in the Diamond Fields Light Artillery and had not been eaten. Then I made a *faux pas*, for while Fluffie was talking of her successes on the great pad horse, I asked Miss Tilly if she jumped through the hoop too. She drew herself up haughtily. 'Certainly not, I am Hotee Coal.' I looked bewildered. Fweddie kicked me and said '*Haute École.*' I tumbled and apologised. Miss Tilly with a neat figure would look the part in long habit skirt and top-hat, taking no notice of the clown's impertinences and asides. So then I knew where I was, and as becomes an artilleryman, was able to talk of *piaffing* and *caracole* and the jargon of the *haute école*, and of high and low port bits, martingales and standing reins and the like. I found that Miss Tilly was really both knowledgeable and enthusiastic, and both loved and understood something of horses and why and how you fed them and the like. Also she could manage her aitches, and was the more attractive in a quiet way therefor. Across the table, however, Fluffie was making happy aitchless running with Fweddie, and it all seemed pleasant enough, for it was English feminines to speak to with or without aitches that seemed the thing that mattered. After dinner Carteret and I left the lasses to Fweddie and Bannister and heard the Simpson version of the

Defence of Kimberley and the sortie, and was interested to find that Colonel Kekewich who commanded, in addition to his military qualities, was thought a lot of because he stood up to Cecil Rhodes and ran the defence his own way. Then we discussed Mrs. Simpson's illness and I promised to see if our doctor would see her as there was not one at Modder River. Thus a kindly simple evening came to an end, and the long and short of it was that these young women and occasionally Simpson came a good deal to our camp, during the week that we were awaiting remounts and fresh orders, and it was all very simple and straightforward and Miss Tilly learnt all about artillery horses and harness and Fluffie gave an impromptu performance to the men after stables, on the back of a very broad fat off-wheeler, to their huge delight.

Then I was suddenly turned into a brass hat and ordered off as staff officer to a column working hundreds of miles away in Natal, and the whole thing passed away, save that Miss Tilly came to see me off by the midnight train, and between us we did a piece of mischief, at the memory of which I still run cold. A militia guard was mounted on the station, and these were days when guerrillas had been active and vigilance much enjoined. On the platform the guard slept with their rifles leaning against the wall. The sentry slept happily too in militia fashion. Hottee Coal and I lifted the seven rifles, and carried them into the railway transport officer's office and hid them behind the never-closed door. Then we left, I for Natal and she for her hotel. But I am never certain in my own mind, if I was prompted by the devil raised by circus folk, or the zeal of a newly baked staff officer, and I never heard what happened. Then, after the manner of soldiering, new duties and scenes wiped clean for a while even my memory of the circus, Settle's famous one or that of Hottee Coal.

III.

But because you find yourself in a column working in Natal, it does not follow that the good Lord K. will let you stay there long, and we soon found ourselves first on the Zulu border marching with a Zulu impi that wore little more than a twelve-bore cartridge case and a leopard skin per man, and then a-sitting in coal trucks bound for the Free State. The Zulu impi had been used to keep the Brethren from escaping from us over the Zulu border, in the midst of a De Wet hunt. The good De Wet, however, slipped away minus a good many tail feathers, and we sped after him by train

to collar him low on his way north. Then the De Wet cycle passed and we took to clearing the country, moving about with long wagon convoys to bring the derelict families to where they could be fed, while we cleared the country of all food. It's a rough game, the warfare of guerrillas, and a game we slowly learnt to play far more effectively than the Boers who started it.

The clearing game was a weary one nevertheless, and especially to those who had to drive the meat from the *veld*. Cattle were not too bad, but sheep were the very devil. On the particular trek of which I am writing we had something like 40,000 sheep, and getting the last lot over a spruit with a hundred young Dutchmen hanging on to your rear-guard was no joke. Cross the ford they would not. Orders came to slay them, but who can slay 10,000 sheep? The infantry soldier with a bayonet is no use, shooting them is impossible and more than dangerous. A hundred kafir boys with knives are the best, but even then it sounds much easier in Army headquarter offices than in practice. And so for days did we foul the fair *veld* with slaughtered sheep while all the while Jappee Fouchie or Cos Vandermerwe or some other venturesome field cornet would give the rear-guards hell. The column staff had often the worst of it in their anxiety lest a rear-guard should get cut off or a flanking party be scuppered. With the new Imperial Yeomanry and the new Mounted Infantry anything might happen.

So it came about that we were rolling across from Fouriesburg with a huge convoy and thousands of sheep making for Orange River, or it might have been Jagersfontein road, and were just through the range of *koppies* by Luckoff. A small reinforcement had come to join us in the shape of my old friends the Roughshooters, but I had not had time to look them up and see old friends.

The next two days were like to be a rough ride, for half a dozen small commandos were buzzing round, mad that their girls had been taken off, all except a few honey-pots we had left for night raiding, and which produced a little later quite a different sort of adventure, and they were also determined to have back a few thousand of the sheep we were driving.

We had left our outspan fairly early, the second day after the Roughshooters had joined us, and my column commander had told me to see the great convoy of families rumble off and then keep an eye on the rear-guard as well as the yeomanry flank-guards.

It was not unamusing watching the wagons go by, piled high with furniture and boxes of all kinds, such *lares* and *penates* as the

women could persuade the party removing them to let them take. The women gave one foul enough abuse and one marvelled where they could have learnt the dregs of English slang. The girls were better, for I was the *Moie Captain*, and knew a little of the Taal, sufficiently to pass the time of day and the lighter form of chaff. The family were being taken from a cottage hard by. The women of the house refused to come, and lay on the floor screaming. The corporal in charge came and asked what he had better do. It was fairly simple: 'Collar the kids and drive on, mother will follow all right.' She did after remarking that I was several kinds of bastard.

As the great wagon convoy rolled on, it was time to pay attention to flank and rear guards. I had a couple of signallers from the Household Brigade Cavalry with me, and they had their helios in action. It promised to be lively. On several sides I could hear the *pac-boc* of the Mauser. Rear and flanks were getting it. We were getting near the blockhouse line and if the Brethren did not get something from us that day their chance was gone.

I was standing by the gate of a farm fence, one of those great triple barriers of barbed wire that the coming of the rinderpest had forced the farmers to make, and hard by in reserve a couple of troops of yeomanry. The great roll of the *veld* was entrancing enough, as I stood and watched the shuddering grass and gazed into the far distance turning cobalt with the lengthening shadows, waiting for a flicker on the helio to say that the last of the sheep were over the spruit, and wondering if the mutter of rifles over the horizon was going to become serious, or was merely the brawl of annoyance. Then I heard a new sound, this time to the flank where a line of *kopjies* hung low on the *bult* and a squadron of yeomanry was, I knew, serving as flank-guard, and where as yet all had been quiet enough. The sound of musketry something more than the sniper's *pac-boc* came down the breeze, and I bid my Householders throw their beam on a group of horses that I could see on the reverse slope of a *kopjie*, and as I did so I saw an orderly was coming across as hard as a tired Argentine would let him. I watched him with my glasses, no good panicking till one heard what it was all about. The lad I could see rode well enough, and had spotted my group. Calling to my two reserve troops to get mounted, for there was evidently trouble for the asking, I waited the arrival of the orderly, who proved to be a mere lad, and what was more a lad in tears, tears of excitement and consternation. But that was

nothing new with young soldiers, I had had the same experience a day or two before with a survivor from a scuppered yeomanry patrol. I bid him dismount, and patted his back. 'Take your time, sonnie, take your time.' And then as the sobs steadied, just the hiccuping sobs of a child, I patted his shoulder again. It is the only way.

'There, there. It's all right, now what has happened?'

'It's Captain Bannister, sir! Of the Roughshooters. He's lying wounded up at the *kraal* there.' I looked where he pointed and saw a small stone sheep-*kraal* on the side of a *kopjie*. 'A commando raced us for it, and we got there, but as we came up to it they were firing from horse-back, the captain was hit, and the troop turned back, and galloped for the next *kopjie*.'

'Where are the Boers?'

'I think they're gone after them. I am the captain's orderly and I left him alone under the wall of the *kraal*.'

That explained the clump of horses under the *kopjie* farther to the front. I looked at the orderly, the merest lad who still hiccuped from his sobs.

'Here, my boy, drink some of that,' and I gave him my bottle. 'That will be all right, we'll soon get the captain. Signaller, give me a block, and call up the column.'

I could see the mass of the convoy climbing the hill and I knew my column commander knew his job and would have a good deal of his main body dropping back as we neared the outspan. He knew it all right, which is more than some of them did, who would let the men hurry on to their dixies and leave the rear-guard to shift for itself.

I scribbled, 'Right flank-guard in a bit of a mess, have taken reserve to them. Send a couple of squadron and two ambulances to this helio.'

'You signallers to stay here and come on with the squadrons.' And then I took the two reserve troops forward extended with four ground scouts well ahead. The flank-guard at the *kopjie* were still firing, but nothing *acharné*, and they could evidently wait.

Away over the *veld* we scampered, the young orderly cantering neatly by my side and helping his tired horse well. We soon arrived at the *kraal*, without adventure, and there was Bannister lying as reported and waving his handkerchief. As soon as I had the men dismounted inside the *kraal*, I saw where the Brethren were scrapping with the flank-guard; they were all right for the

moment, and we had time to wait for the ambulance, and I turned to Bannister. To my surprise the orderly had his arm round the captain's shoulders and was supporting him, and crooning to him. Then I remembered the young figure. It was Hotee Coal, Miss Gertie Tilly herself. That accounted for the neat putties I had noted and the trim waist. Phe-ew! However, the men must not know, for I presumed they did not. I went over: Bannister was evidently hit in the body and pretty faint.

'Here, Gertie, you little devil, I know you now, I'll deal with you later; there's an ambulance coming, and now let's see what's the matter.'

Gertie Tilly looked up in my face with very appealing eyes, eyes that were really, if you come to that, worth looking into. All I could say was 'When we get back to camp, and Bannister is in hospital, come and report to me at once; say you are my orderly.'

The squadrons were already approaching the helio station and behind them two tonga ambulances. Bannister seemed shot through the shoulder and perhaps the top of the lung, not too serious, and I left him for the surgeon or dresser who was on his way. I asked no more questions then and contented myself with saying, 'Now look here, Gertie, pull yourself together, and I'll get you out of this mess.'

There is not much more to it. The ambulances came up, and took Bannister and his orderly back with a troop, and with the rest we cleared up the matter of the flank-guard, where there were a couple of wounded yeomen, but what was much more to the purpose took quite good tea with the Boer party who were poking fun at the flank-guard, getting two wounded and three unwounded prisoners with three horses and rifles. And so to camp, while I mused how to get Hotee Coal away, without a scandal. Bannister himself had got quite enough for the present and might be left to take his gruel later.

As we rode home the last flock of sheep was coming in with mounted kafirs and the rear-guard, still wisely extended, nearing camp, so that my anxieties except for the feminine were over for the day. After reporting what had happened to the column commander, who was pleased to approve, I turned to my tent. As staff officer with work to do, I had the privilege of a tent and an office table. In front of it, to my surprise, was a queer turnout. An old cape cart with a ramshackle horse in the shafts stood before it. On the seat was perched the quaintest of old ladies, with a

black bonnet trimmed with grapes and a cape with bugles. Standing to attention was the Yeomanry orderly, Gertie Tilly, otherwise Hotee Coal. I touched my cap to the old lady.

'I am Mrs. Hudgen, wife of Captain Hudgen, late of the 94th Foot, and I am school marm to the British at Jagersfontein. Rechter Herzogg has ordered me away, and says there are no more British. So here I am.'

La, la, what adventures! 'My husband was in the old War, Captain, and I know these Dutch.'

'Well, well, you must tell me all about that, but what about a dish of tea? Here's my batman.'

So Mrs. Hudgen climbed down, bugle cape and all, and I gave her tea and heard all her gossip of Pretoria and Paul Kruger from the days since time was.

To my batman I said, 'Bring this orderly tea too, while I hear his report.'

The Fates were on the side of the escapaders. I knew that the new Orange River School marm was being withdrawn and was to be sent to Kimberley, and so I took the bull by the horns. 'You will stay to-night in that farm-house, Mrs. Hudgen, and to-morrow I will send you and this orderly to Kimberley. This orderly is really a young lady on secret service. She will go back to Kimberley with you, in woman's clothes, to-morrow.'

I need not tell the rest, of my telling-off of Hotee Coal after I had heard her story, or how I sent my interpreter, Cos Vandermerwe, to Jagersfontein hard by to get a ready-made black dress and a blue *kappie* from the *winkel*¹ there. I was able to reassure her that Bannister was all right and would go to Kimberley hospital, so she stayed in my tent till midnight, which was a scandal, till her frock arrived, and then I took her over to Mrs. Hudgen, who was to say she was her assistant, and I don't believe a soul in camp knew about it. I gathered she had been with the Yeomanry as the captain's orderly for two months, and it was not worth while asking any more questions.

I heard of her some years after in India as Mrs. Bannister, to use the *nom de guerre* I have chosen, where, light of hand on the bridle bars, she had a reputation for handling bucking walers.

¹ Winkel = general shop.

*MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM DALGLEISH,
BUTLER TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

(DISCOVERED AND EDITED BY G. E. MITTON.)

PART I.

THERE has lately been a revival of interest in Sir Walter Scott, interest which will probably increase as the centenary of his death, in 1932, draws nearer. Meantime here is something which claims a centenary of its own. From 1822 to 1829 a 'chiel amang you taking notes,' was in Sir Walter's own house, all unknown to him. This was William Dalglish, butler, who stood by his master faithfully when the calamitous turn in his fortunes came upon him. What is to the point for us is that Dalglish had the faculty for noting down exactly what we would want to know of the great writer as a man. He had not had enough education to spoil his natural racy style, which many a would-be author might envy.

I came across this journal amid a pile of MSS. I was dealing with at the office of Messrs. A. & C. Black, the well-known publishers of Scott's works, in Soho Square. It is in the form of a small quarto, filled up to the edges of each page with neat handwriting, yellowish with age, and bound in a much-worn brown-paper cover. The little script has lain unnoticed until some recent clearance turned it up to the light; no one remembers ever having seen it before, during the hundred years since it was written. No one apparently guessed at the time that the valet-butler was writing a journal, still less that it contained a life-like portrait of Sir Walter from an unusual angle.

Dalglish has titled it himself on the inside of the first brown-paper cover:

Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott
by Willm Dalglish
During his services in Sir Walter's
from 1822-1829

The Memoirs are episodes which do not run chronologically, and as there is nothing to show the exact dates of many of them, it is thought better to reproduce the little book exactly as it is written, with only such emendations in the spelling and punctuation as will serve to make the meaning clear. Of punctuation, indeed, in the

original there is none. Dalgleish is a born *raconteur*, and his humour fitted with that of his master, so that they understood each other very well indeed. The incidents here given are not to be found elsewhere; they are to be credited to this humorous, loyal, hard-drinking man, who noted unobtrusively and chose the right word by intuition, so that his pen-pictures stand out terse, racy, full of life.

Dalgleish is mentioned several times in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. On February 27, 1826, Scott himself writes in his Diary: 'I must really get some lodging, for reason or none, Dalgleish will not leave me, and cries and makes a scene.' This was after the crash. Lockhart adds in a note: 'Dalgleish—said he cared not how much his wages were reduced, but go he would not.'

The first incident in the Memoirs begins abruptly concerning the marriage of Sir Walter's elder son, named after himself. He married on February 3, 1825, Jane Jobson, niece of Sir Adam Fergusson, of whom Scott spoke as the 'first of men.' She owned the estate of Lochore in Fife, and in return for the settlement of that estate Scott settled Abbotsford on his son, subject to his own life-interest and the withdrawal of a certain sum.

'As soone as Capten Scott was married upon Miss Joabson (Jobson) Sir Walter went over to Loochoor (Lochore), this being the estate which fell unto Capten Scott by his marrage. Sir Walter went to view the grounds, so I went along with him. We landed there fower o'clock after-none, whare he met the facter, and after they had maid obedience they had a short walk.

"It is cuming on for dinner time, Sir Walter, we had better turn agan, and as I have sume wine and spirits, we may desire your servant to draw a bottle of white, and a bottle of port."

"Verrey good. But we shall ask Dalgleish as he is best juge what I should drink after dinner."

"Dalgleish, Sir Walter lets me know that you are to make choise for him what he is to drink after dinner, so there is both wine and spirits."

"Sir Walter allways drinks spirits and warm watter after dinner."

"Well, since you have maid a choice for me, I make one for you and John the gardener, so you may take two bottles of whisky, the one for to-night and the other for to-morrow's night, for we will have a long walk to-morrow. Now, Dalgleish, I hope you will give asistance at dinner."

'So I offered my service to the girrell who had all redy.

“If you please, sir, I will do best by myself, for I am not acustomed with strangers, and I just have a way of my own,” (said she).

‘So I did not put her off “the way of hir own,” I left all to himself.

‘Sir Walter laffed herty when I told him the girrell had a way of hir own; so this left me at liberty.

‘So John the gardener had the willingness of mind to apply to the bottle for a wee drope untill dinner was redy, not forgetting the girrell that had a way of hir own. In cumes dinner pipen hot, did eat herty, so after dinner we had a good drope of the cratur, verrey comfortable, a good many cracks with each other; prepares for bed; sleepet sound, no headeck nixt morning. Had a wee drope with John the gardener before we set out to view the grounds.

‘Here cumes Sir Walter.

“Well, Dalglish, I hope you are in good trimm for your long excurschon.”

“Verrey good, Sir Walter.”

“Let John the gardener know that I wait him.”

“Well, John, quite well this morning, I hope?”

“Quite well, Sir Walter.”

“Well, John, I will make a bargain with you and Dalglish that whoever tires first gets a leen upon his neighbour.”

“All verrey fair, Sir Walter, but if I am no mistaken be the time we see you neadfull of a leen we will not be much worth.”

‘So off we set; this was ten o’clock and never devalded (devall = stop, cessation, breaking off) untill five evening, so be the time we reached Loochoor we all three was neadfull of a leen. I was thankfull that the girrell had a way of hir own.

‘Gardener and I had a drope of the cratur. “Oh mercy,” says John, “how pleasant it goes down.” The bottle finished, broches Sir Walter for another, gets it, did our duty to it, gets orders for starting next morning for Edinburgh by six o’clock. Up all redy; takes a farewell glass with John; off we go.

‘After we had been about a mile upon the road, Sir Walter called the post boy to stop: “Dalglish, the factor and I was speaking about the ponney that Miss Jobson use to ride upon, it is to be sent to Abbotsford, but I would like to take the saddle with me if you could contrive where to fasten it about the carrage.”

‘I made no answer, but off I went, and brought it on my back; up with the carriage dor, shued it in.

"There is no room for it inside, Dalgleish."

"In I went and took it on my back, and lapped the lappets round my body."

"So you have made yourself a ponney."

"Anything in a pinch, Sir Walter."

"However I did not lose all for I gote a tumbler of wine from the facter; but what was the result? I fell fast asleep untill we came to the toll bar, so Sir Walter poned me up."

"Ponney, you had better pay the toll."

"In a few minutes fast asleep again. However I wakened of my own acord."

"Dalgleish, you make a very lasey ponney, you would take a good spurr."

"Indeed, Sir Walter, I must be plain to tell you that John and I had a dew and dores this morning, before I parted with him, and when the facter viewed me coming, he met me thinking something had happened serious, so I told him my message; he luffed and said that the saddle would have come along with the ponney, so I gote a glass of wine from him, that is it that has done it all."

['Dew and dores' is Dalgleish's version of the Gaelic phrase 'deuch-an-doris,' literally, a drink at the door, or stirrup-cup, still used by Scots all the world over.]

"Now that lets me know that you are not a drinker of drams in the morning, or then it would not have that effect upon you."

"Said nothing all the rest of the road, untill we reached home."

"Well, you have foughten the good fight, but you shall not be forgotten for it. Lady Scott, see what he has carried on his back all the way from Loochoor."

"Oh Scott, oh Scott, that is too bad! Poor Dalgleish has been very condesending."

II.

"At a time Sir Walter got rumatism in his knee and was confined to the house for a fortnight, he gote out of all patience, and was determined to have a walk round his grounds, which was dear to him. It happened to be a very fine day, so he says: "Let Thomas Purdie know that I am goine to have a walk, and that I will have need of him. I think you had better give us your com-

pany too, in case of my knee failing me. Two stoops is better than one.”

Purdie had been brought before Scott as Sheriff, on the charge of poaching, while Scott was still at Ashestiel. Touched by something in the man's story the Sheriff had compassion on him, and took him into his service as shepherd, and was faithfully served by him to the day of his death.

“Sir Walter, I go with the greatest pleasure, but I think it would be a good plan to take dooss Davie, and providing your knee fails you, then you can mount Davie.”

‘He agreed to take him, so I became to be groom, and Thomas and Sir Walter set off. Not long untill I made up to them. He walked well to the end of his grounds toward Melrose.

“Now since I have done so well I will call at Chiefswood, and give my dear Mrs. Lockhart a startle.”’

Dooss Davie was really Douce Davie or gentle Davie, a steady, sober-going pony, the last that Scott ever rode.

‘Was there for about an hour, when he gote up, very stiff, gate him on dooss Davie. After cuming through Melrose there is a small rivulet runes across the road, so Sir Walter would let dooss Davie taste of the watter; he had not partaken of a glutt or two, till he lay down in it altogether. As good luck would have it Sir Walter did not loose his ballance, but stood up right across poor dooss Davie, untill Thomas and I relieved him from his perilous situation, so Sir Walter says to dooss Davie, “Certainly thou hast been a faithful servant to me till now, and still I do not condemn you altogether; but cross your back who likes, I never will. So go home and try to find out who is to be your nixt best master.”

‘He never was rode by Sir Walter after.

‘This Thomas Purdie, which is mentioned, was Sir Walter's gamekeeper and bottle holder. When Thomas died Sir Walter laid his head in the grave and after the cerimoney was over, Sir Walter says, “Now friends, there lies a man whome could be trusted with anything, unless a bottle of whisky, that he could not be trusted with.”’

III.

‘There was a gentleman in the name of Mr. Asking, who lived in Melrose, a grate acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott's, and was in the habet of calling upon Sir Walter, but as old age began to make

him frail, he got a ponney. The first visit he made after getting it was to Abbotsford, and as good luck would have it I was standing at the main door. I was in the act of giving assistance to Mr. Asking to dismount, when here comes Miday the large Stagghound, and made fly at the ponney's throat, and threw the poor ponney upon its broad side. I do believe if I had not been there that he would have worried it. But I had completely the master of him at all times. Poor Mr. Asking toddled into the house as fast as he could. So when I came into the entrance hall, here is Mr. Asking sitting all in a trembling state. "Sir, you had better have a glass of wine," which helped him a little. At last he got oute, "Is Sir Walter in?" I showed him in.

"What is the matter, Mr. Asking, my dear friend? You are not looking so well as last time you were here."

"That grate dog Miday has amost worried my Ponney, and I am sure if Dalgleish had not ben there he would have worried us both."

"I am extremely sorry indeed. I shall send Dalgleish with you to see you fairly on the road."

'The bell rang:—

"I am going away, Dalgleish, and you will see me fairly upon the main road, but look and see if Miday is oute of the way before I start. Dalgleish, I don't think that I shall be here again, but if you be in Melrose call upon me."

'Mr. Asking never was at Abbotsford after that.'

Maida the staghound, here called Miday, was a constant companion of Sir Walter's. Scott himself says: 'the noblest dog ever seen on the Border since Johnnie Armstrong's time. He is between the wolf and deer greyhound, about six feet long from the tip of the nose to the tail.' He is pictured as 'Bevis,' Sir Harry Lee's dog, in 'Woodstock.'

IV.

'What passed betwixt Sir Walter and Dalgleish at the time of his asking leave to go and see his father's family, which he had not seen for eighteen months. As there was no cumpany at Abbotsford at the time, it was a good opertunity, and was granted with the greatest pleasure.

"Now, Dalgleish, set off to-morrow morning as soon as you please, and John will call me. You may take dooss Davie, he will help you on your journey, and you may stop with the old folks

three or four nights. Your Mother has not seen you for this long time, you must take sumething to hir. I think a new gowne will please hir. But have you money for that ? ”

“ Yes, Sir Walter.”

“ Mind it is not for the vallew of it, but mothers thinks more of whom they come from than all the worth of the article.”

‘ The day I came home to Abbotsford from father’s I was called upon by Sir Walter, asked very kindly after my friends, thanked him well.

“ I hope you did not forget your mother ?

“ No, Sir Walter, a gown.”

“ Yes, Dalgleish. At a word, what did it coast you ? ”

“ One pound eleven, Sir Walter.”

“ Well, take that, and then I can say I bought the gown to your mother.”

“ I beg your pardon, Sir Walter, *I* bought the gown, but I owen that you have paid for it, which I thank you for.”’

V.

‘ At the time that Abbotsford was finished there was a ball given which was keepet up for two nights. Nothing of any consequence tooke place. Was a grate number of gay ladies and gentlemen, and as many poor people round the house looking on, as would have filled a desent sised parish kirk. No deperidation nor offence was comited, so Sir Walter gave a fine ball to the servants, and there acquaintance. That night it took place you would not have found an open door for miles round ; all off to Abbotsford. The funn began upon a Friday’s night and was keepet up untill Saturday morning, eight o’clock, but in the fore part of the night in cumes Sir Walter and his family. Then the claping of hands and other gesters was keepet up for half an hour. At last Sir Walter gote in a word and all was silence. “ My good friends, as I may well call you, if you will hand me a glass of your—I do not know what, I will let you tell me,—and drink all your good helthes. I daresay there is sume that is none the worse for what cumes from my pocket, the unfirm and not able to work, but I hope I will be long spared to work for them. All your good helthes and cheep meal, and may the Divell rock them in a creel that does not wish us all weel. Then rozen well your fiddell sticks, and lead the ladies to their trips, and do not spare them, for it is well known that I neither

dance nor sing, but will with pleasure sit or stand to hunc up the funn. Now Walter my son, take up the oldest lady that's in the barn and dance with hir as if she wore a crown. Charley dear, it is your turn, so take up the nixt in age, so that they may both alike runn. Thomas Purdie, cume ye here and take up your lady whome you hold so dear, Lady Scott."

"Sir Walter told them that there was a young gentleman stopping with them, but as he was English he did not understand the Scottish reels. "Oh let him cume amongst us and we will sune make him understand, and with a warm jacket too." So in comes Mr. Sirtes (Surtees), and before he got from amongst them he could dance Sootch reels; for every one in the barn took him up in thir turn and with a warm jacket did he learn.

"Now ladies," said Sir Walter, "I think we had better retire, but what is cume of Dalgleish?"

"Sume answered "he comes when you go." "Oh yes, he is housekeeper, but he shall not be long."

"There I was at Sir Walter's back all the time. However I made my escape and received them into the house, and gote orders to go to the barn emediatly. To lock the doors and take the keys along with me.

"Enjoy yourself and keep them all merry and happy, for God knows perhaps we will never see another.

"As Sir Walter was taking a walk amongst his favouret walk here he cumes upon two of the ball gentlemen, laying across the walk fast asleep. Sir Walter tryed to waken them, but all that he could get out of them was a grumph, so we brought them to Abbotsford, each of them in a wheelbarrow, and Sir Walter, laffing like to split his sides, laid them down before the fire untill they came to themselves, and then they gote sume of the dogg that bit them, was quite well and decamped—two of Sir Walter's workpeople."

VI.

"There was once that Sir Walter and Dalgleish was leaving Abbotsford for Edinburgh by the Blucher coach. Dalgleish being outside, Smith the guard and him fell into conversation about Abbotsford, and there being a person whose appearance tooke him to be a gentleman, he found that I belonged to Sir Walter, and in a laffing mood ast me if I knew what Sir Walter was doine just now. I returned answer that I did not, as I was not with Sir Walter to see; for I tooke up his meaning, which was what was Sir Walter

writing just now. But the fellow ast over again, and speaking so loud, as they heard him inside of the coach. Sir Walter got enraged at the fellow teasing me so much, that he put his head out at the coach window and gave the fellow a good pock with his stick.

"That is what Sir Walter is doine just now," says I, "and perhaps you have memory enough to mind that you once tasted Sir Walter Scott's stick." The poor fellow said nothing all the way after. I suppose quite affronted.'

VII.

'While Abbotsford was goine on, Sir Walter and I went to see how things was getting on. This was in the month of May. There was neither door nor window in, all blockit up with boards. Sir Walter says, "I think we shall have plenty of ayr in our apartments this two nights, but I don't think we shall be cold. Will you no be afraid to sleep into such a gousty looking hole?"

"No indeed, Sir Walter. There is one thing. If my pockets was well lined with gold and silver I do not know but sume evill disposed person might try to cut our throats before morning, but as mines is pretty free of such mettle it keeps my mind quite at ease."

"We are not here as they are in many places, for whether they have plenty or not, even for the sake of obtaining your watch they would do the trick, but here I think there is no danger, we stop only for two nights."

'Well, Thomas Purdie and I gote bedding and made shake downs upon the flooring. Sir Walter was in the room that was made into his and Lady Scott's bedroom afterwards. I got what was made his dressing room afterwards—opposite to each other. I got Sir Walter to bed and off to mines too. I slepit but verrey indifferently. Called Sir Walter at six, or rather I may say, he needed no calling, being awake when I went in.

"Well, Dalgleish, how have you rested?"

"Not a miss, Sir Walter."

"Well, I have sleepit none, but I shall have a longie walk with Thomas, and that will make me rest better perhaps.

'Off goes Sir Walter with Thomas, and their favourats—Miday and the terriers; promised to be home be five to dinner, but did not see any of them untill seven, complaining of being too tired.

"Well, Sir Walter?"

“ I do not approve of too hard exercise for making one sleep, at least I have experienced it. Off to bed. I am too tired.”

‘ I was not long out of mines, but had a wee drope with Thomas Purdie before I went to make me sleep. I called Sir Walter half-past six. Half a hower too late. Sir Walter well pleased. “ I presume you have slept sound this night upon your sleeping in ? I am well pleased that you have come no earlier, for I have not done my duty a tall in the way of sleep. You and I must leave here at twelve o’clock for Old Reeky (Edinburgh), so you had better take a step down to the length of Melrose and order a post-chaise.”

‘ Off I sett. And before I seed an old acquaintance or two the time was soone gone by, so I slipet into the post-chaise and arrived at Abbotsford in good time. So off we went, and when we reached thirty-nine Castle Street, found them all in good helth. And a good laffing took place about Sir Walter’s bedroom and mines.’

VIII.

‘ About 1823, there being a grate demand for dead bodies of the human kind to doctor upon, so much were they run upon that they could only have a houre or two to rest themselves in their graves. So it was settled upon in Melrose that two men should sit up one night and take it in rotation, untill it went round the whole parish. So in the korse of a week after this agreement, up comes the beddler or grave digger with a line, stating that Peter Matheson, coachman, and John Nicholson, footman, was wanted to watch the churchyard that night, and Sir Walter and I the night following. I went to Sir Walter and told him that Peter and John was wanted, and what to do.

“ Whate is to be done, Sir Walter ? ”

“ What is to be done ? Let them go, why not them more than anybody else ? ”

“ Verrey well, Sir Walter,” pulling the line out of my pocket and handet to him. He gives a glance over that. “ Is the bedler gone ? ”

“ No, Sir Walter. He waits an answer.”

“ Bring him up to me.—Well, friend, is this line from yourself or whom ? ”

“ From the Session clerk, Sir Walter.”

“ You may tell him from me I will clerk him the first time I see him. At the same time give him this line. I beg to be excused from such a dreary task, likewise Dalglish, but I have no doubt

but that the enclosed will find two substeuts, and pray do to all the gentlemen as you have done to me, and you will make a pretty good job of it. And if not done I will count you an unjust clerk for not making gentlemen all alike."

"The clerk tooke the hint, and it was put in force, however it spunkit out that Sir Walter had puten the clerk up to the trick, and when any of the gentlemen happened to meet with me, "Well, has Scott gote any new burdens to put upon our backs? If I only had a word of him I would roast him about it."

"In the korse of a few nights the bedler was sent to Sir A. Fergusson, for him and his servant to sit up. "Well, I suppose I must follow the example of our worthy friend, but it shall not be a lost pound to me, but you can say I am out of the clerk's debt, stick in the mud who likes."

"So Sir A. Fergusson called next day at Abbotsford, and as I let him in, "What the devill is this you and Sir Walter have been aboute? Getting us gentlemen all taxed to pay people for herding the dead. It shall not be a lost pound to me, for I shall trouble you the oftener at dinner time." So I showed him in to Sir Walter, and as I was in the act of leaving the room, I was called back. "Well," says Sir A. Fergusson, "what is to be done with Sir Walter, Dalgleish?"

"I think it would be a verrey hard and unfeeling thing of me to pronounce any affliction or punishment against Sir Walter, when he had the goodness to harbour me within his own walls instead of sitting all night in the churchyard."

"Well, well," says Sir A. "I find that the clerk, Dalgleish and Sir Walter is all about the same, all three as one."

"So this passed over in the way of a joke against Sir Walter."

"Now Sir A., as you are here, I hope you will have the goodness to stop and dine with me; as I am bord alone, your cumpany will hinder me from being so solitary."

"With cheerfulness I will do myself the honour."

"As it is a fine day what do you say for a walk? It will give us an appetite, and make us take our dinner."

"Sir A. agreed, so they set off with their favourets along with them, the tarriers and Miday the stagg hound. As they were into a park Sir Walter viewed a hare sitting, so they thought they would have sume sport. The Park was walled all round, and there being only two gateways, Sir A. took to the one, and Sir Walter the other. Then they sett on their favourites. Sir A. and Sir Walter

fit to kill themselves with laughing at poor Miday hobbling along and far behind. Sir Walter told me that Miday in his way of running brought him in mind of a cuddy race, which he was eye-witness to. That each man rode his neighbour's cuddy, and the hindmost cuddy gained the race. So it was the case with Miday, for, being quite exhausted, he lay down, but the hare coming in his direction and coming near him, he made a bolt at her but missed her; by this time the tarriers had taken poor pussy round the Park seven times, so they were none of them in good fettle, running slow. The hare came toward Miday, and him by this time well refreshed he encountered again and killed the hare. As Sir Walter observed, that the battle was not gained by the swift nor the strong.

'I was eye-witness to this sport, but neither Sir Walter nor Sir A. knew of my being present, neither would I have been present if I had not forgot to deliver a purtcler message to Sir Walter before he went away, and after all the message was not delivered to him untill he reached Abbotsford again. I, taking it into my mind, that he would not be well pleased for me leaving the house in case of anyone calling in the way of a visit upon him. So I gote home as quick as possible, after I had seen the sport.

'Here comes Sir Walter and Sir A. in their glory; you could not scarcely know whom to give an answer to, for they were speaking both at one time and on the same subject. It absleutly confused me, but I heard them till Amen, and I delivered my message. Nothing said. So I told Sir Walter that the hare was murdered, she was not killed by fair means.

"How do you make that out?"

"Sir Walter, you own that Sir A. secured the one gait and you the other, whereas if the gaits had ben clear the hare would have made her eskeep (escape)."

"I believe you are not far wrong. However, murdered or no murdered, I would willingly go the same road to see the same sport. I know it would have done your heart good to have witnessed it. You may let the cook know that we will dine off the murdered hare to-morrow. I know she will be for keeping it longer to make it tender, but a hard run hare is allways tender, and fit for use as soon as the breath is out."

'So dinner was on the table, and when I let them know they was not long of coming, hungry I suppose with hunting. So I uncovered the tureen.

"What the divell is this? This is not the murdered hare already?"

"I don't think it, Sir Walter."

"I hope not," says he, "for it would be murdering hir two ways, having hir into our bellies or ever she is cold. No, I do not like so quick inhaling as all that."

"Nothing more said at the time; both dined herty of the poor murdered hare, but what was to be done about to-morrow's soup? We had not another hare. "What is to be done?" says I, "just tell them. Make no lyes about it. By my faith they dined very herty." So I was messenger and told Sir Walter (the next morning). He gote in a passion: "Damn you, Sir, you knew quite well all the time that it was the hare that we brought in. Here cumes Sir A. Well, Addie, how are you this morning? I am just giving Dalgleish a dreeling (drilling), but as you are an old soldier you will perhaps be better up to the manuell and platoon."

"What is it all about, Dalgleish?"

"Seeing Sir Walter rather irritated, Sir A. put the question to me.

"Oh indeed, sir, it is all about the hare being cooket to dinner yesterday instead of to-day."

"If that be all, well, Sir Walter, you and I made a very herty dinner, and no doubt Dalgleish was happy to see us do justice to the hare, after having murdered it. Although he would be laffing in his own mind. You cannot blame *him* for it, it was the cook's fault."

"Well, well, Dalgleish," says Sir Walter. "I am sorry I should have been so rash with you, but you know me by this time, you do not mind a bit of a hurry from me."

"No, no, Sir Walter. You and I is acquaint."

"Well, if I thought to see the same sport I would go emediatly to the Park."

"I never give them the least hint of my enjoying the sport as well as them."

IX

"The river Tweed has allways been famed for giving good sport to them that has a tast for angling or the spear, vulgarly called the leaster. However what I mean to mention hapened in close time when all fishers is prohibited from killing salmon, and the watter bailies at this time is a good dale troubled, keeping good agreement betwixt themselves and the fishers. At the time I was with Sir Walter they had two watter bailies in Melrose and

two in Selkirk, and being acquainted with them they sumetimes give me a visit. There was one night that Sir Walter's servants thought of goine and having an houre or two upon the watter ; so they gote themselves all ready, but as they were in the act of marching, here in cumes the two watter baillies from Melrose. I ast them to sit down and I would be with them in two minits. I give the hint to the servants who was here and told them to have patience for a little that they should not be dissapointed of their sport.

'In I cumes, gets sumething for the Bailleys to eat and drink. No sooner was this place upon the table than in cumes the other two baillies from Selkirk. What the divell is the stir among the baillies to night ? Asking them at the same time to help themselves to meat and drink, which I must say they played a verrey good part, having but light suppers at home. Their flagon empty brought a bottle of whisky, gave them a round of it, brought another flagon of ale ; they had another round of it ; gave them a wee drop more of the cratur. They be this time was giving a good dale of tongue, so I saw that there was no danger in liberating the prisoners outside. Off they went to the watter and was there upwards of two hours, brought home eleven fine fish.

'Now for the baillies again. No danger now. "Cume, you bailleys is nothing doing ; are you not goine to the watter tonight ?"

"Yes, yes, Dalgleish, that is all you care about it. But we have gotten information that Sir Walter's servants goes to the watter frequently, and you know it is our duty to look after such."

"Sertenly," says I, "sit for a moment untill I cume back."

'I ran into Thomas Purdie's to see if all was right, and to bring the men along with me to have a crack with the bailleys. In we all cumes—"How do you do, so and so ?" "All right." Gives the servants a bottle of whisky to treat the bailleys with. In the meantime I drew a flaggon of ale and put a bottle of whisky into it and made it pipin hot with plenty of shuggar in it. We all took a round of the beverage. The bailleys swore that it was the best stuff ever they tasted in thare life. They took a herty pull of it once or twice, but behold it capsised them ; now there was nothing left but to get them to bed. We soone got blankets and pillows and gote them stretched upon the hall floor. Here we untied their neck handkechiefs for fear of choking. We put out the fire, we shut the window shutters, and locked the hall door so that they could not get out to make a noise through the house or disturb the family, so we prepared ourselves for bed.

'I was up next morning by five, gave a look in to see how the prisoners was doine—all asleep, but not in the comfortablest state, for some of them had delivered their cargey, which they had aboard the night before.

'Called Sir Walter at six o'clock, took up his shaving watter. Told Sir Walter that I had four prisoners below, and as he was Sheriff there must be an examination.

"What sort of prisoners have you got so early as this? Do you know them?"

"Yes, Sir Walter."

"I will be down emediatly."

'Here he cumes. I beckoned to him not to make a noise. He examined them, and said, "In all my life I never seed such a scene. Watter bailleys? I will sertenly call them whisky bailleys." Well, I am gratified! Have sumething ready for them to kill their crave for the dogg that bit them."

'I drew a flaggon of ale to be redy for them, and then got to work and roused them up.

"Whare the divell am I?" says one of them.

"Lord!" exclaims another.

"Well, well," says a third. "This beats all."

"Cume, my good fellows, Sir Walter will be down in a few minits and I wish you to be gone before he sees you."

"Lord's mercy, is that you, Dalgleish? Then we are all safe callants. Oh, give us a mouthfull of watter."

"Here, take this and run."

'They were not long in putting it out of sight, and made off.

'They never called at Abbotsford again while I was there. I supose they would be afronted at thare conduct.'

X

'The Second Trip to Loochoor, Perthshire.

'In the month of July Sir Walter and I went to Lochoor; arrived there three o'clock, afternoon. Found John the gardener busily engaged with his skeps and bees. Whenever John heard that Sir Walter was cume he left the bees to the mercy of themselves.

"Well, John, I hope I see you in good helth."

"I dare not complain, Sir Walter. I hope you have ben well and aye ben able to toddle about."

"Thank you, John, I have. Now I have cume upon you without giving you any warning, so we will take poot luck. If you can

give us anything in the way of a snack, about half-past fower, or say five."

"Well, well, Sir Walter, see that you be in at that time and I will give you something that will settle the craving of nature."

"But, John, have you any whisky?"

"A verrey small drope, Sir Walter. I allways keeps a drope, for I am fasht with my braith."

"Well, John, I allways have a little spirits and warm watter after dinner."

"Sir Walter, have you brought your sugars with you?"

"The Divell! I have forgote them."

I, putting my hand into my pocket at the same time of asking the question, pulled them oute.

"Well, Dalgleish, I am all right; this is a treasure to me."

'Here is Sir Walter at dinner— A good dish of ham and eggs, and the whisky bottle paradet on the table. Everything verrey clean, althou' not of the finest material. Sir Walter declared to me he had not enjoyed a dinner so herty for munths back. Quite at home now.

"I want no tea."

"It is redy, Sir Walter."

"You had better bring a dish, perhaps John will think it is not good enough if I refuse. Well, Dalgleish, it is excellent. The King would be pleased with it. You know that I never take supper, unless a tumbler of porter, and instead of it I will apply to John's whisky, and you can go and make yourselves all right, as far as you can."

'So John and I had the same relish for himself and me. Ham and eggs, but as he had dinner at two o'clock he did not relish them so well as I did.

"I think," says John, "I would rallis them better if I had sume-thing to wash them downen."

"Are you far from the market here? No? I will soon get a drope." So off I went, and John, and was not long of being back with three bottles of whisky. I told Sir Walter that John had ben at the market.

"At the market, Dalgleish? I intended to dine agen of the same kind as I did to-day. What has he brought?"

"Three bottles of whisky, Sir Walter."

"Let me have a drope about ten o'clock. You can put it on my table with a draft of cold watter. I do not want anything more, so you can bear John company."

'So I informed John that Sir Walter did not wish to see any of our faces for to-night.

"Oh verrey well," says John, "we must have a drope. Cume, let us have a drope of cold furst, and then we will be nothing the worse of a wee drope warm before we tumble in."

'So we did our duty, and then tumbled in. No headeck nixt morning. Had a drope with John; had a good breakfast; likewise Sir Walter.

'Sir Walter and John went to view sune ground that they wished to be planted; did not take me with them; as well pleased. Cume home all right. Dinner preparing. Had one with John; John tired.

'Sir Walter dined verrey comfortable.

"Well, John, have gote orders to be off to-morrow morning by six o'clock."

"Well, well," says John, "we shall drink a good journey to you and Sir Walter; if I had things fitting for you I would not care how longe you stoppit, for you are both so frank and free. Cume the last night, let us see down that bottle. We shall make a wee drope to keep us comfortable. See and make it good."

'So as John and I is enjoying ourselves there is a voice calling. John went to see what was the matter. This is Sir Walter wishing to see him to make him a present, and as there was not much light in the passage, John insisted upon Sir Walter cuming forward, which Sir Walter did, after being hard prest by John.

"Now, Sir Walter, here is a kleen glass and you must taste Dalgleish's toddy and mines. I think it is pretty fair stuff."

"It is most excellent. Now, as I leave this to-morrow morning arely (early), I perhaps will not have the pleasure of seeing you, so I hope you will accept of this from me, for your kindness to Dalgleish and me."

"Sir Walter, you once made a bargain with me, now I make a bargain with you and a verrey simple one. I will take that present from you if you will take that ham with you"—pointing up to the roof of the house—"It is the neber of the one you dined off, fine and tasty."

'John gote Sir Walter perswadet to take the ham. He gave John three pound to get a drope for the good of his braith. John, a good man, deserves it all.

'Off for Old Reeky. Goodbye, John.'

(To be continued.)

HOURS IN UNDRESS.

IX. L'ENTENTE.

WITH A POSTSCRIPT ON ARNOLD BENNETT.

MAY I begin with one or two quotations? The Squire who came with his father, the Knight, to the 'Tabard Inn' at Southwark on an April day in 1387,

'had been some time in chivachye,
In Flaunders, in Artoys, and Picardie,'

where he had borne himself well in the so-called Hundred Years' War against France from 1337 to 1453. In the fifth century since the close of that campaign, the names of Flanders, Artois and Picardy recall memories of 'chivachye,' or military exploit, in defence of, not in attack upon, France. But about midway between those dates, Samuel Pepys mentions in his diary, 'a fray between the two Embassadors of Spain and France' as to which should take precedence at the Court of St. James's. He heard in Cheapside 'that the Spanish hath got the best of it, and killed three of the French coach-horses and several men, and is gone through the City next to our King's coach; at which,' he adds, 'it is strange to see how all the City did rejoice. And indeed we do naturally all love the Spanish, and hate the French.' An odd sentiment in 1661, not eighty years after the Armada. Will a diarist in 1990, if any national sentiment is still sanctioned from Geneva, say the same about the Germans and the French? My third quotation is from Mahan's life of Nelson. In December, 1803, he was guessing at Napoleon's plans, and 'Elliot suggested to him to receive on board the fleet some good Frenchmen, who would land from time to time and get information in Toulon.' But 'No,' cried Nelson characteristically; he had no use for 'good' Frenchmen: 'I believe they are all alike. Whatever information you can get me, I shall be very grateful for; but not a Frenchman comes here. Forgive me, but my mother hated the French.' Another instance of natural hate.

It is a long and an obstinate record, from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century, broken politically, perhaps, in the time of the

Tudor dynasty, when it is calculated that, out of a hundred and eighteen years, only twelve were spent in war with France. But even then it was hardly broken temperamentally. The Tudor dynasty crossed into the seventeenth century, and Louis XIV was recognised as the foe of liberty before that century was sixty years old. Indeed, the historian is hard put to it to find a clear half-century in England, when the *Entente* of 1914 corresponded to the feeling of the country, or, at least, of its counsellors and rulers. Going back fifty years from that date, we reach the Bismarckian epoch of German progress towards empire. The Princess Royal of England was the Prussian Crown Prince's consort. Carlyle was just emerging from the valley of the shadow of that prince's great ancestor and namesake. The Victorian Court was swathed in German sentiment. 'In Europe, and especially in England,' writes Mr. Buckle, introducing Volume II of the Second Series of the Queen's letters, 'public opinion . . . put the blame of the war on France'; and, though, in the last months of 1870, the course of events began 'to change the general sympathy, especially in England, to the side of France . . . this change distressed Queen Victoria, whose sympathies were naturally with Germany throughout.' So the preparation for 1914 was a slow and an arduous business. Much was due to King Edward and Swinburne. By exquisite tact in different kinds, and working, of course, quite independently, they soothed and sang France into a new comity. George Meredith, too, in his four *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History*, followed the steeper way. The first was written as early as December, 1870, and appeared in the next issue of the *Fortnightly Review*, then edited by a fellow-Liberal, John Morley. The poet took heart to apostrophise 'soaring France!' and to reassure her that 'now is Humanity on trial in thee.' But he waited twenty-eight years before writing the three companion poems, and the first, though splendid and courageous, was what grammarians call proleptic. Its epithets did not correspond to British contemporary taste. Public taste towards France was at its worst. Paris was a kind of furtive joy with English knickerbockers worn on the boulevards, and with Matthew Arnold raising his lonely cry for 'openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence.'

If this rough summary is in accordance with the facts, and if a 'natural hate' of France prevailed through many English centuries over our passing hate of more distant foes, it is more than

ever interesting to ask what we owe to France, and even how that debt compares with what we owe to other countries. True, these are full-dress questions, hardly suited to an 'hour in undress'; but the less formal approach, though only to one aspect of the problem, may help to illuminate the rest.

I would proceed, as I began, by a quotation. I take this one—I have quoted it before—from Stopford Brooke, who, as younger readers may not know and older readers may have forgotten, was at one time Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria, but seceded in 1880 to Unitarianism. By family he was connected with the Irish novelist who wrote *The Fool of Quality* in 1765, and he himself had written the *Primer of English Literature*, which was a best-seller sixty years ago, and which Matthew Arnold reviewed in the *Nineteenth Century* in December, 1877.¹ Thus qualified as thinker and writer, though fallen, with other Victorians, out of fashion to-day, Stopford Brooke, when Tennyson died in the autumn of 1892, sat down to write a big book about him. Of its appearance in 1894, we should remember the above circumstances. We should remember, too, the poet's recent funeral in the Abbey, with the Duke of Argyll, Jowett, Lecky, Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury among the pall-bearers, a deputation from the Royal Society, and the nave lined by men of the Balaclava Light Brigade; and we should note that the Introduction to this book, with full Tennyson-idolatry, discussed '(i) Tennyson as an Artist, (ii) His Relation to Christianity, (iii) His Relation to Social Politics.' Then we shall better be able to weigh the critic's courage in the passage which we select. For Stopford Brooke dared greatly to say, that, 'with a curious reversion to the type of the Englishmen of Nelson's time' (but had the type ever died out?), Tennyson became 'the natural opponent, even the mocker of France and the French character.' Another instance of natural hate. Perhaps Stopford Brooke did not know that the song in *The Foresters*, 'There is no land like England,' composed by Tennyson at the age of nineteen, had contained originally 'a beastly chorus against the French,' (so the poet described it in 1891), which was altered for the acting version. But he knew quite enough to write of Tennyson's acquiescence in England's

'cool acceptance of the results for liberty which emerged after the mistakes of France had run their course. She bore the consequences of her mistakes, but in exhausting these she set the true

¹ Reprinted in *Mixed Essays*.

form of certain ideas of liberty clear. We take the ideas she has set free, but we forget that she revealed them.'

And so he declared with striking force :

'There has been no ingratitude so great in the history of humanity as the ingratitude of Europe to France, and Tennyson represented with great vividness this ingratitude in England.'

The generalisation in this sentence may be doubtful, but the special application cannot be disputed.

From Chaucer to Tennyson, an unbroken chain of hate of France distinguishes the very class of men who helped themselves most freely from French resources, and who, by genius and training, should have been most generous in acknowledgment. Johnson's attitude towards Rousseau and Voltaire is typical of English men of letters, though English literature, and, indeed, English liberty, in his time and at other times, have been deeply in debt to French example ; and Stopford Brooke's perception of poets' ingratitude, in the very shadow of the Victorian poet's death, suggests how rare in our literary history has been a departure from Tory tradition. Neither in poetry nor in criticism was such a departure popular. Meredith's odes, completing in 1898 what he had begun in 1870, did not win the British public to Francophily. Yet he, too, like Stopford Brooke, recognised Europe's continuing obligation to 'The mother who gave birth to Jeanne.' Calling her 'the devotee of Glory,' he foretold that

'she may win
Glory despoiling none, enrich her kind,
Illume her land, and take the royal seat
Unto the strong self-conqueror assigned.'

He, too, was aware of the

'virtual France, the France benevolent,
The chivalrous,¹ the many-stringed, sublime
At intervals, and oft in sweetest chime' ;

and he, too, standing at the edge of Nelson's and Tennyson's century, sang of

'Our Europe, who is debtor each to each, . . .
Fraternal from the Seaman's beach.'

¹ Active, not passive, in 'chivachye.'

The *Entente* on sea and land came at last, but the poet's voice, like the critic's, was almost solitary.

English liberty, as well as English literature. In proof of this conjunction of entries to the credit of France, I would make just one more quotation—I have used it in an earlier 'hour,'—in order to lean on firm authority in this matter of national accountancy. We want to understand how it happened that England, who had contributed so lavishly to the thought behind the French Revolution, was engaged a year or two later in a renewed struggle with the object of her 'natural hate.' Chaucer's scene of 'chivachye' was unavoidable: writing in the midst of the Hundred Years' War, he could not set it elsewhere than in France. Pepys, too, in the *siècle Louis Quatorze*, must be permitted his preferences. But when France, almost as England's disciple, was liberating humanity and its mind, and when a young, eager poet from our countryside deemed it 'bliss in that dawn to be alive,' why, we ask, did the ecstasy fade, why was the welcome recalled, within so brief and grim an interval? It was not the name of revolution which frightened our fathers. They were celebrating the centenary of a revolution in 1788. That kind of revolution in English ears was as respectable as liberty itself. It was the sequel, not the principle, which repelled them. The poet who had observed with shame how 'Britain opposed the liberties of France,' was presently to record with grief that 'the goaded land waxed mad.' From her dream of freedom she awoke to terror, when

'Frenchmen had changed a war of self-defence
For one of conquest.'

We can read the history of those months in Books IX to XI of the *Prelude*: an experience surely as exhilarating as to read the tale of Troy in the *Iliad*, and likely, in generations to come, to be as avidly enjoyed. Meanwhile, in our English way, we leave Wordsworth on the shelf to which he lifted himself when his ardour had departed, and do not visit the heaven of his youth. Forgoing his evidence, accordingly, I would submit in its place a Wordsworthian perception by the Beit Professor of Colonial History at Oxford:

'No great stir,' he writes, 'had been created at the first appearance of Revolutionary France on the European stage. Observers on this side of the Channel had looked the new actor up and down, and had concluded that he was not unlike themselves—almost

an Englishman, a very old-fashioned Englishman, about a century behind the times. It was Burke's shrill cry of "wolf" that first aroused alarm, not very deep or widespread to begin with, till presently those seemly garments of the orthodox fell off and a new and utterly un-English figure was disclosed, gaunt, ferocious, in rags and a red cap, with bared teeth and a dripping knife. And then, indeed, throughout the political classes of England, excepting only a tiny minority of unrepentant Whigs and a negligible handful of Republicans, alarm stiffened into a complex of anger, fear, and hate. Thenceforward it was impossible for the British people to determine British questions on their merits. . . . Inevitably, under these conditions, that little burst of liberalism, which had broken out so hopefully since 1783, and might, if peace had lasted, have gained strength to do the work of the Reform Act forty years before its time, was promptly and utterly suppressed.¹

Inevitably England drew away from France. The occasion for grateful sentiment was postponed *sine die*. Another hundred years of hate were to be added to the savage centuries.

We turn, as to a rock, to the fact that Chaucer effected translations from the French *Roman de la Rose*. It became a prentice-piece of English poetry. It helped to impose a standard of writing on a loose and an inchoate mass. Together with Chaucer's Italian models, it brought to our shores the love-lore and adventure of Ovid, whose 'sweet, witty soul,' according to Meres in 1598, 'lived in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare.' It is, indeed, a landmark in English literature, so great that we need hardly particularise 'the French book,' or books, to which, more than fifty times, it has been calculated, Sir Thomas Malory, in the fifteenth century, acknowledged his debt in the *Morte D'Arthur*. Nor does it in the least detract from the originality either of Chaucer or Malory that they made England a province of France in the extension of the Renaissance to modern letters. It was an odd business from first to last. The terms are so baffling and confusing. Thus, Petrarch, Chaucer's contemporary, 'the first modern man,' as Renan called him, was modern because he was ancient, because he founded modern studies on a close application to antiquity, and revived, in a world which preferred death (or, at least, the darkness which leads to it), the light and life of past civilisations.

The world preferred death and darkness. We can test this seeming paradox out of the record of Boccaccio, another of

¹ *Wilberforce : a Narrative*. By R. Coupland. Oxford, 1923 ; p. 150.

Chaucer's masters and contemporaries. His tales of the *Decameron*, which has been called the father of the modern novel, and which is certainly as brilliant to-day as it was five hundred years ago, were precisely undertaken as a protest against death and night. They were written to beguile sick Florentines. They represented a refusal of the conditions which made a desert of the Florence of the mid-fourteenth century. Boccaccio's company of story-tellers alleviated the terror of the Plague by this deliberate choice, and turned the desert into a garden, quick and bright with song and dance. Some have seen in those Ten Days' Revels an ugly proof of revolt from religious principle, and, indeed, if religion enjoins a blind acquiescence in fate, Boccaccio's alternative was irreligious. Others have compared his retreat from pestilence with the emancipation of thought from medievalism, and so Sir W. Raleigh has said of him that he 'might be called the escape from Dante.' However this may be, it is our contention that Petrarch, the diligent antiquary, and Boccaccio, who accompanied him to the ancients, and who did his best to gratify their common longing for means to read Greek as well as Latin, founded the new literature on the old, and modern on ancient civilisation. It was the old books of Rome and Greece, their Tully, their Ovid, their Maro, their Homer, their Plato, their Boece, and the yet older Book which was made vernacular in the sixteenth century, which humanised our mind and its expression. They matured the childhood of our literature: its childhood, which, lying in the past, is really, in another sense, ancestral, and which has grown young as it has grown old. The quarrel between the Ancients and the Moderns, which made so much pother in the seventeenth century, was at once futile and a misnomer. For the Ancients were a modernising factor, and they crossed to England from France more directly and earlier than from Italy.

Our debt to France, founded thus early, in the midst of the Hundred Years' War, has been computed for a later period in a cross-country book by the late learned Sir Sidney Lee. His *French Renaissance in England*¹ is an attempt, much neglected before and since, to

'convince discerning students of English literature in the sixteenth century that knowledge of the coeval literature of France is

¹ Oxford, 1910. Reference may, perhaps, also be permitted to the present writer's *English Literature in its Foreign Relations: 1300-1800*: London, 1927.

required to verify their estimates of the value and originality of well-nigh all the literary endeavour of Tudor England.'

Some will lay more stress on the 'value' and others on the 'originality,' in this comparison. The latter, it may be conjectured, was Lee's more intimate concern, and his opening pages remind us that the French Renaissance 'was of older standing than the English,' that it had 'won unfading laurels before the literature which was the sole fruit of the English Renaissance acquired general coherence of form or aim,' that 'the flourishing period of English Renaissance literature was not only belated, but was of short duration compared with that of France,' and that even Shakespeare and Bacon were 'giants in the rearguard of the advancing host.' All this, and more, is salutary to our pride, and should encourage the study of French sources in Ronsard, Montaigne, and the rest. But priority, after all, is less important than excellence in achievement, and a positive estimate of 'value' may be more useful than that of the 'originality.' Shakespeare, however curiously compounded out of Ovid, in his several English phases, Seneca, Plutarch, the Pleiad, and so forth, is still pre-eminently and supremely the unapproachable and unparalleled English poet. His value surpasses that of any of those who brought contributions to his workshop, and in Shakespeare's instance, at least, it is not wholly unfair, though, perhaps, a little summary, to dismiss the case for a re-estimate of his originality on the evidence of one passage in Lee's book. He writes (pp. 439-40):

'It is significant that Shakespeare's first original experiment in romantic tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, treated a theme which had already served theatrical purposes on the other side of the Channel. . . . The French tragedy of *Roméo et Juliette* is not known to be extant, but the contemporary evidence of its production is of undisputed authenticity. There is no ground for crediting it with the lyric splendour or tragic intensity of Shakespeare's effort, but a ray of reflected glory from that supreme masterpiece illumines the record of the French actor's earlier labour.'

Perhaps. But the security of *l'Entente* does not depend on that ray.

What really emerges from these studies, reviewed by readers who are not specialists, is a sense of continuous interaction between England and France. 'Un échange d'idées se fait presque con-

tinuellement entre les deux pays,' I read the other day in a French monograph on the Alps in literature,¹ and what is true of the mountains is true also of the plains. There was a time, prehistoric, indeed, but not immeasurably remote, when the waters of the Thames met the waters of the Rhine, when the Channel was an inland gulf with a rocky neck, and when England touched France in the south and Germany in the east. The cartography of literature preserves these features. Despite the encroachment of seas, the foliation of languages, and the erection of frontiers to protect principles of religion, there was a time, not at all remote, when scholars from every country of Europe foregathered in Renaissance schools, using the common tool of Latin and the eager labours of translators in order to level the boundaries of nature, priests, and kings. And no exchange was more keen, no literary commerce was more constant, than that of the two neighbour-countries whose very nearness to each other has brought them the harshest experience of national dissension.

We may measure that nearness by other countries. Take Germany, for example. The literary relations of England and Germany have at times been very close. Professor Herford has written of them in the sixteenth century,² and Mr. Gilbert Waterhouse in the seventeenth.³ But the former is an unedifying tale (the epithet does not characterise the teller!) of jest, folly, and satire, and the latter is even more obscure. It was not till the eighteenth century that a common philosophy of conduct and a common romantic sensibility founded the longer alliance, of immense literary fertility, which was celebrated by Lamb in a letter to Coleridge on July 6, 1796: 'Have you read the ballad called "Leonora" in the second number of the *Monthly Magazine*? If you have!!!!!!' That poem—Bürger's *Lenore*—spread through Europe like a flame, summoning Scott to the muse and inspiring the best of *Lyrical Ballads*, till England, by the journeyman work of William Taylor of Norwich and the works of genius of Carlyle and others, acknowledged Germany's sway through the greater part of the nineteenth century. Still, it was a temporary vogue, compared with the influence of France, flowing to and fro across the Channel; and a glance, however brief, at England's literary relations with Spain, Russia, Scandinavia, and even with mother

¹ *La Littérature Alpestre en France et Angleterre aux XVIII^e et XIX^e Siècles.* Par Claire-Eliane Engel, Docteur ès Lettres. Chambéry, 1930.

² Cambridge, 1886. The learned author died last April.

³ Cambridge, 1914.

Italy herself, will tell the same tale. The picaresque novel flowered on Spanish roads, and quixotism is a Spanish quality which has been taken up into the panoply of Chaucer's Knights. Hamlet came home from Russia with a deeper philosophy than he brought there. The old sagas of Iceland reveal traces of our Norse ancestry,¹ and there was a period in the last century when Ibsen dominated our stage. More constant in the sky of English literature is the sun of the Italian Renaissance: Dante, reviving Virgil and looking forward to Milton; Petrarch, inspiring the Humanists and stringing the lyre for Tudor singers; Sanazar, equated by Sidney with Theocritus the pastoralist; Tasso, epic father of Spenser; Boccaccio, Ariosto, and the other poets; Pico della Mirandola, founder of neo-Platonism; and, among makers of polity, Machiavelli, whose soul, declared Marlowe, had 'flown across the Alps.' Truly has it been said,² that 'a study of English literature alone would give a very false and insufficient idea of the heights attained in the progress of European literature as a whole,' and, in correction of that falsehood and for the supply of that deficiency, a study of Italian literature is indispensable.

But still, out-topping all is France, or, rather, her range is uninterrupted through all the centuries of her literary history on both sides of the River Loire. Alexander Neckam, of St. Albans, who visited Paris in 1180, called her university 'a paradise of delights,' and Richard Aungerville, of Bury, a little more than a century after, called it 'the paradise of the world.' *Arbiter elegantiarum* is another compliment, appropriately paid in the Latin tongue to the Athens of the States of Europe; and even Tennyson, it will be remembered, the reputed monster of ingratitude towards France, sent his son, Lionel, to visit Victor Hugo, and addressed him in a sonnet as follows:

'Stormy voice of France!

Who dost not love our England—so they say;

I know not——'

To which Hugo promptly replied:

'Comment n'aimerais-je pas l'Angleterre qui produit des hommes tels que vous! l'Angleterre de Milton et de Newton!

¹ See, most recently, *Egil's Saga*, translated and edited by E. R. Eddison. Cambridge, 1930. The 'Essay on some Principles of Translation,' contained in this notable volume, seems to me on a par with Matthew Arnold's lectures on translating Homer.

² By W. P. Ker.

l'Angleterre de Shakespeare ! France et Angleterre sont pour moi un seul peuple comme Vérité et Liberté sont une seule lumière. Je crois à l'unité divine.'

We might stop at this divine unity, which was Hugo's rendering of *l'Entente*. But the recent death of Arnold Bennett, a link in the long chain of European novelists, suggests one reflection by way of postscript. In his Preface to *The Old Wives' Tale*, by common consent his chief work in fiction, Bennett refers to 'the example and the challenge of Guy de Maupassant's *Une Vie*,' and there is, further, his wonderful account of the siege of Paris by the Prussians. His statement of his authorities for that episode (he 'only knew the Paris of the twentieth century') reminds one reader at least of the following statement by Dickens in his Preface to *A Tale of Two Cities* :

'Whenever any reference (however slight) is made here to the condition of the French people before or during the Revolution, it is truly made on the faith of trustworthy witnesses.'

Similarly, Bennett, eschewing long research,

'was aware that my railway servant and his wife had been living in Paris at the time of the [Franco-Prussian] war. . . . Of course, they remembered it well, though not vividly, and I gained much information from them.'

The two historical novelists came to fiction through the same gate. But I think there is more to it than that. In all the obituary notices of Bennett I missed any hint of his early apprenticeship to Dickens, and of his descent, accordingly, from Fielding and Richardson, who gave so much to France in the eighteenth century. Yet it is difficult to read the first few pages of *The Old Wives' Tale* without being reminded of Dickens ushering in his characters in motley. There is a like sweep and gusto, a like dissection of the parts from the whole. Read those pages first, and then read the opening paragraphs of *Barnaby Rudge*, for example, and the likeness of approach must be obvious. It is not only the verbal resemblance of the 'Maypole Inn' to the Baines's shop at the bottom of St. Luke's Square,—

'with its overhanging stories, drowsy little panes of glass, and front bulging out and projecting over the pathway, the old house looked as if it were nodding in its sleep. . . . The bricks of which

it was built had originally been a deep dark red, but had grown yellow and discoloured like an old man's skin' (Dickens).

'It was a composite building of three storeys, in blackish-crimson bricks, with a projecting shop-front and, above and behind that, two rows of little windows. On the sash of each window was a red cloth roll stuffed with sawdust, to prevent draughts; plain white blinds descended about six inches from the top of each window. There were no curtains to any of the windows save one' (Bennett).

It is rather in the novelists' common manner of building up present effects by collecting details from past and distant things, and of founding spirit on matter, that their true affinity is to be discerned: in Dickens's legend of the 'Maypole,'

'not only that Queen Elizabeth had slept there one night while upon a hunting excursion, to wit in a certain oak-panelled room with a deep bay window,'

which was discredited by

'the matter-of-fact and doubtful folks, of whom there were a few among the Maypole customers, as unluckily there always are in every little community,'

and in Bennett's picture of Constance and Sophia Baines, indifferent to the manifold interest of their local surroundings, which he explicates for our better information, and 'of which, indeed, they had never been conscious.'

This romantic method, for it is no less, comes straight down from the French schools of the twelfth century, of which we are told by W. P. Ker, the master of all who know, that

'no later change in the forms of fiction is more important than the twelfth-century revolution, from which all the later forms and constitutions of romance and novel are in some degree or other derived.'¹

That change marks the foundation of *l'Entente*, ratified after eight centuries in the minor region of politics, and it is, indeed, 'a part of European history which deserves some study from those who have leisure for it.'¹

LAURIE MAGNUS.

¹ *Epic and Romance*, London, 1908; pp. 349, 354.

LITERARY ACROSTICS.

A LITERARY Acrostic is published every month, and the Editor of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers two prizes to the most successful solvers. The winners will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. If several solvers send solutions of equal merit, the two whose answers are opened first will win the prizes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 94.

'With his soft and ————,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage.'

1. 'O'er all alike the impartial ———— throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose.'
2. 'Whose feet are shod with silence.'
3. 'Silently one by one, in the ———— meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars.'
4. 'A brooklet ———— and unknown
Was I at first.'
5. 'Armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure.'
6. 'Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its ———— stars
My soul ascended!'
7. 'His reward
Was to be thrown alive to the wild beasts
Here where we now are standing.'

This Acrostic is taken entirely from Longfellow's poetical works.

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed on page vi of 'Book Notes' in the preliminary pages of this issue; and he must be careful to give also his real name and address.
4. Solvers should not write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.
5. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.
6. Answers to Acrostic No. 94 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50 Albemarle Street, London, W.1, and must arrive not later than June 20. No answers will be opened before this date.

ANSWER TO No. 93.

1.	R	es	T
2.	E	nglis	H
3.	L	ydi	A
4.	I	ro	N
5.	E	mbar	K
6.	F	ool	S

PROEM:

Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, iii, 5.
A Midsummer Night's Dream, v, 1.
Hamlet, i, 1.

LIGHTS:

1. Wolfe, *The Burial of Sir John Moore*.
2. Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, book 4, canto 2.
3. Sheridan, *The Rivals*, iii, 3.
4. Lovelace, *To Althea, from Prison*.
5. Tennyson, *Crossing the Bar*.
6. Pope, *Essay on Criticism*.

Acrostic No. 92 ('Scent Roses'): The prizes are won by Mrs. A. E. Morton, Charnwood House, Alexandra Park, Nottingham, and Miss Edith Simpson, 103 Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, Hants. These two solvers will choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue.

The acrostic proved considerably more difficult than some of the recent ones; two of the first three answers opened were incorrect, and 30 per cent. of the solutions received had one or more lights wrong.

'LITERARY ACROSTICS': The new series, the twenty-second, is now published, and solvers with literary tastes will find it full of interest. The acrostics are, like those in THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, based entirely on quotations from good authors; there are six of them, of all degrees of difficulty: in the last series very few competitors answered all of them correctly. About four months are allowed for their solution. Cash prizes, to the value of £8, are awarded to the most successful solvers.

The price is half a crown; and copies of past series, to which no prizes are now attached, can also be obtained, one shilling each. Address: A. E., The Gables, Twyford, Winchester, Hants.

